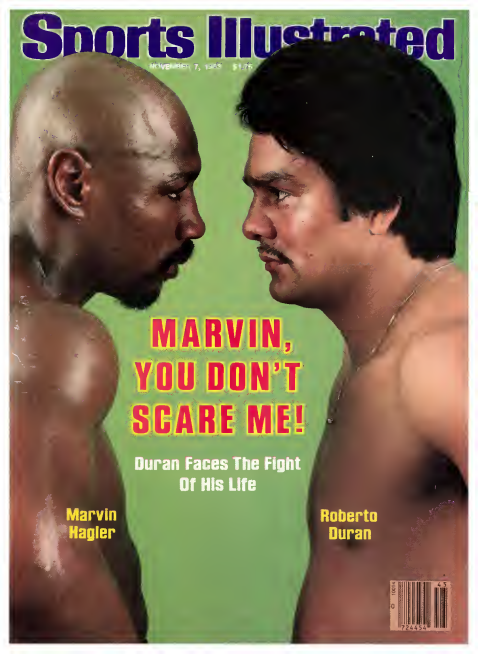


Sports Illustrated



NOVEMBER 7, 1985 \$1.75

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Of His Life

**Marvin
Hagler**

**Roberto
Duran**



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While West Virginia couldn't make heads or tails of Keith Griffin—yep, another of Archie's brothers—and his Miami mates, Roberto Duran pondered the grim prospect of fighting *Marvelous Marvin Hagler* and Indiana fans had basketball on the brain.

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Shopwalk

by FRANK LIDZ

YOU CAN DO BATTLE WITH AS MANY AS FIVE OPPONENTS IN A NEW CHESS GAME

Chess has chugged along for the last 1,400 years as a one-on-one contest of rigorous study, Spartan discipline and iron will. Now an ethereal Episcopal priest and a horticulturalist hung up on bees have decided to juggle around with a good thing. They've devised a hexagonal chess game for up to six players.

Inspired by the six-sided honeycomb, Talbot Uehlinger, the horticulturalist, was trying to design a more efficient planting pattern for berry bushes and trees. Last year, while playing chess in the kitchen of his friend, the Rev. William Glazier, he decided to use one of his diagrams as the board. The result was Chessmate, which combines the logic and probabilities of chess with the cut-throat cunning of bridge.

As for Glazier, a practicing metaphysician who runs the MANNA (Mankind's New Age) Center, a self-styled "planetary healing organization" in Woodstock, Conn., he delights in posing the question, "How much space does an ant take?" and hopes Chessmate will somehow foster universal brotherhood.

Each side in Chessmate has nine pawns instead of the traditional eight. By pointing a wooden toothpick on which the pawn is impaled, you can move the pawn onto any one of six surrounding hexagonal spaces. Pawns can become queens when they reach the coveted red center space, which Glazier apily calls the "bloody throne" because so much royalty perishes there.

Glazier and Uehlinger are marketing Chessmate through the Gene-Sys Company in Woodstock (sets range in price from \$29.95 to \$49). They've already developed nearly a dozen variations on the basic game, including Megachess, which allows a player to combine pieces from two or three sets with a single king; and Booby Trap Chess, in which a clandestine secret-agent pawn "explodes" when taken, destroying its captor. They have also created Orbital Chess, in which pieces can disappear—"into spherical space like an environment whose circumference is everywhere and whose center is nowhere," says Glazier—before turning up on another side of the board. **END**

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ART TALK

by JIM KAPLAN

THE WINTER OLYMPICS GET A SPORTING SALUTE FROM AN ART EXHIBIT ON TOUR

One of the more Olympian preparations for Sarajevo was finding the 21 international artists whose prints and posters, promoting the 1984 Winter Olympics in Yugoslavia, are currently on tour in the United States.

It would be nice to report that artists everywhere gladly lent their names and works to this, the official Winter Olympics fine arts portfolio. Alas, Lazo Vujic, the buoyant Sarajevo art expert who produced the exhibit, had to work hard to recruit his artists from the United States, Western Europe, Korea and Japan.

"The project is very expensive," says Vujic, who paid \$10,000 to \$50,000 to each artist and will share the proceeds of poster and print sales with distributors and the Yugoslavian Olympic Committee. "You must have artists with good names. Not many Chinese and Russian artists on market. I try one Bulgarian artist and he doesn't accept, five Germans and nobody accepts, maybe they don't like Yugoslavia. Artists ask who we have in portfolio, and they don't like being with some people."

However, once Vujic began attracting big names, especially Andy Warhol, others fell in line. "This guy [Vujic] walks into my office, and at first I said no," says Milton Glaser, the illustrator whose heart-shaped drawing popularized the I Love New York campaign. "But when my agent found out who would be in the show, she convinced me it would be good for my career."

The exhibit, Art and Sport, had a one-month stay in October at New York's Spectrum Fine Art Gallery. San Francisco's Gallery One has organized one-week touring exhibitions of these original artworks starting Nov. 14 in San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego and after that on Nov. 20 (Toronto, Detroit, Chicago), Dec. 12 (Miami, Atlanta, Dallas), Dec. 19 (Vail, Aspen, Lake Tahoe, Denver) and Jan. 9 (Indianapolis, Madison, Minneapolis).

Every four years or so, it's nice to remember that the Olympics are intended to be artistic as well as sporting. In fact, paragraph 39 of the Olympic charter

specifies that cultural events have equal status with sports. The Greeks saw to that, with competition in dance and theater, those associated with modern Olympics ignored the cultural side before finally unveiling a noncompetitive arts program at Munich in 1972. Art and Sport is a foretaste of a cultural program at Sarajevo that will include sculpture, ballet, theater, concerts and film, among other things.

The works in the touring shows include a poster by Yozo Hamaguchi that depicts a bowl of cherries with five more cherries suspended above it. The five represent the connecting rings that have long been the Olympic symbol; cherries are a Japanese symbol for fruitfulness, fecundity, beauty, abundance.

Anyone expecting displays of Disney creatures on skis is in for a surprise. Nor is the viewer always given easy representational work or photo realism: He must divine what's Olympian about some of these masterful creations.

But that's part of the fun. Henry Moore gives us six Greek masks; Winter Olympics or not, we shouldn't forget the contributions of the ancient Greeks. Piero Dorazio's multicolored spectacular subtly suggests ski tracks. The more explicitly Olympian art ranges from the ethereal (Jean-Michel Folon's ski jumper against the firmament) to the dynamic (Warhol's Speedskater) to the experimental (David Hockney's photo collage of a figure skater) to camp (Glaser's five rings landing on a Corinthian column). And the Winter Olympic hosts are properly honored by Cy Twombly's *Graffiti*, on which the words "Yugoslavia" and "Olympics" are scrawled in Serbo-Croatian, and Giuseppe Santomaso's mountainous Sarajevo.

Kyu-Baik Hwang, a South Korean living in New York City, has little interest in sports and said he accepted the offer to contribute as "just a job." That may be true, but his mezzotint, *Tortoise and the Hare*, is the class of a very strong exhibit. Against a luxuriant field of grass is a blackboard. On the blackboard are a scoring pencil with the Olympic symbol, a hare and a tortoise, some slalom flags, a rink-shaped oval and an elegant pocket watch. This dreamy yet whimsical still life tells us all we need to know about the Winter Olympics: the natural and the manmade, skiing and skating, timing and notation, and the world's most celebrated fable of competition.

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MUSHROOMS, SADDLEDOMES, ETC.

Some things the sports world can surely do without:

- The mushroom-cloud logo on the helmets worn by members of the Richland (Wash.) High School football team, whose nickname is the Bombers in recognition of the importance of the nuclear armaments industry to the town's economy. Principal Gus Nash insists that the logo has "nothing to do with nuclear weapons," but it's hard to imagine what else the mushroom clouds could possibly have to do with. You would think the school could at least change the logo to show an unexploded bomb.

- The decision to name the new home of the NHL's Calgary Flames, a 16,700-seat facility with a saddle-shaped roof, the Olympic Saddledome. Because that moniker is such a mouthful, most Calgary residents refer to the building simply as the Saddledome. But there's a problem with that, too. As kibitzers in Calgary have noted, it's a physical impossibility for a roof to be shaped like both a saddle and a dome. The vote here is for a grabber of a name like the Calgary Coliseum.

- The continued on-court tantrums of John McEnroe, whose verbal assault on the net-cord judge during last month's Australian Indoor Tennis Championships put him over the \$7,500 limit in yearly fines, therefore earning him an automatic 21-day suspension. "I don't think I deserve to be fined for what I said," McEnroe grouched. "If I'd known I was going to be fined for that, I'd really have let him have it." What McEnroe charmingly said to the official was this: "How many more imaginary lets do you intend to call, you fat turd?"

- A "subliminal program" that computer owners can use to flash messages across their TV screens—so briefly that the eyes can't see the words—while they're watching regular TV fare. The messages supposedly work on the "subconscious mind" so as to increase one's "athletic confidence" on the golf course. Developed by Stimutech, Inc. of East Lansing, Mich., the subliminal messages are flashed on the screen by means of something called the Expand-Vision system, which can also be programmed, it is claimed, to help users quit smoking, control stress, develop better study habits

and enhance their sex lives. The promise of being able to improve at sports while sitting in front of the tube is just what our already overly sedentary society needs, right?

LATE SUBSTITUTION

Those NFL trading cards that police are handing out to youngsters in a number of cities (SCORECARD, Sept. 5) continue to be snapped up as fast as they come off the presses. Each card bears a photo of a local NFL star on one side and crime prevention or safety tip on the other, and the cops see the cards as a way of building good will with kids and helping them stay out of trouble. However, in the Washington, D.C. area, where a series of 16 Redskins cards, one for each week of the season, is being distributed, one card had to be revised. It was originally to bear a picture of Safety Tony Peters, but was dropped from the trading-card lineup because Peters pleaded guilty last month to federal drug trafficking charges and is currently under NFL suspension; last month a sobbing Peters was sentenced in U.S. District Court in Alexandria, Va. to four years probation, a \$10,000 fine and 500 hours of community service.

The trading cards that police distributed instead featured Linebacker Monte Coleman.

NO RUNAWAY, JUST RUNDOWN

At 3 a.m. on the day after the New York City Marathon, the mother of one of the competitors, a young man of about 20, phoned race headquarters with a plea for help. Her son, she said, had expected to complete the marathon in about four hours, but now, several hours after the last straggler had crossed the finish line, he still hadn't returned to their suburban Long Island home. The woman wanted race officials to call hospitals and police. A couple of hours later she called back in a far happier mood. It turned out that her son had finished the race but had been so sore-legged that when he came home, he didn't use the front entrance, which would have involved climbing steps. And he was so tired he didn't even make it to his bed. Mom found him asleep on a couch by the back door.

SQUARE RULE IN A ROUND COMMONWEALTH

One of this season's new college football rules specifies that a player fielding a punt must be given at least a two-yard berth by would-be tacklers—whether or not he signals for a fair catch. But as Joe Keeton, an assistant coach at the University of Missouri at Rolla, a school that specializes in engineering and science, tried to go over that rule change at a team meeting, one player raised his hand and asked, "Coach, do we have to give that guy two yards square or a two-yard radius?"

"Just give the guy two yards, O.K.?" Keeton replied. "What's the difference?"

The player explained that a square in which a punt receiver was two yards from each side would encompass an area of 144 square feet, while a circle with a



two-yard radius would amount to only 113.1 square feet. In other words, opposing players could get closer to the punt receiver under a two-yard-radius interpretation of the rule. Eventually, Keeton caught on to what his interrogator was saying, but he allows that it took awhile. "Only four people in a room of almost 100 didn't understand what he was talking about," he says. "And they were all coaches."

University of Delaware Athletic Director Dave Nelson, the secretary of the

continued



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NCAA Football Rules Committee, conceded to SI's Armen Keteyian that the rule wasn't precise on the point. "It doesn't say anything about square or radius," Nelson says. "It just says you have to allow the player two yards." With a laugh, he added, "My question is, 'Does it cover two yards above and below the player?' I think it does, particularly where flying bodies are involved."

ONE LESS CRYSTAL-BALL GAZER

When former Ohio State Quarterback Art Schlichter, who had become a pro with the Baltimore Colts, was suspended by the NFL earlier this year for betting on NFL games, people in Columbus, Ohio recalled that, speaking of gambling, Buckeye Coach Earle Bruce was a frequent racebooker who had accompanied Schlichter to local tracks.

Last week, again speaking of gambling, Ohio State President Edward H. Jennings ordered Bruce to drop from his

weekly show on Columbus station WTVN-TV a segment in which Bruce matched wits with fans in predicting the outcome of college games. Jennings acted after the NCAA notified the school that the "I Beat the Buckeye Coach" feature was "contrary to the spirit and intent" of NCAA rules and that "the principles of ethical conduct" prohibited coaches "from providing information to assist individuals involved in organized gambling activities."

Bruce, who had correctly picked 49 of 69 games on the show this season, protested that his crystal-ball gazing was "just a fun thing to do." He also pointed out that other coaches around the country have TV shows on which they pick winners. Nevertheless, he and WTVN-TV agreed to scratch the coach's predictions from the show; the station decided that the picks henceforth would be made by two sportscasters. As for Ohio State, Jennings accepted blame on behalf of the school for "failing to anticipate this prob-

lem and . . . failing to act on this matter sooner." That admission appeared to be, especially in view of the Schlichter matter and the rumors about Bruce's race-track activities, a clear case of better late than never. Now if the NCAA would only get the word to other coaches who do the same thing.

THEY JUST GRIND IT OUT

Inspired by Air Coryell, the name given to the formidable passing game of Coach Don Coryell's San Diego Chargers, folks in Seattle have come up with a way of describing the strong running game that Seahawks Coach Chuck Knox has developed this season. They call it Ground Chuck.

THE COMEBACK KID

It raised eyebrows last week—at least we lifted ours a bit—when Phillies Second Baseman Joe Morgan finished third in the balloting for the National League's Comeback Player of the Year award behind Phillie Phanatic John Denny and Met Outfielder George Foster. The 40-year-old Morgan placed high in the voting even though he didn't have a comeback in 1983. He had a comedown, from a .289 batting average the year before to an anemic .230 in '83. True, Morgan was hitting only .201 at the start of September, and one assumes that his torrid 29-run spurt during the final month was the reason that two sportswriters saw fit to vote for him (Denny received 25 votes and Foster three, with five players finishing behind Morgan with one vote each). Still, the award in question is supposed to honor the comeback of the year, not the month of September. Now, if some scribes vote for Morgan, who has been around the National League since 1963, as Rookie of the Year. . . .

A MOST PRECOCIOUS LAD

In the interest of extolling exceptional athletes regardless of age, we hereby introduce Nolan Glantz (right), an eighth-grader at the Lakeland (N.Y.) Middle School. Nolan is all of 5'1" and 100 pounds, but last summer he won the American Amateur Racquetball Association championship for boys 12-and-under by scores of 15-4 and 15-3. Nolan, who can drive the ball at stunning 106 mph, also shared the doubles crown for the second time. He has won any number of other titles, including the New York State Open Men's B doubles.

Nolan is an academic star, too. He's in the National Junior Honor Society, was the top point-scorer on the school math team and has received get-acquainted letters from MIT and Cal Tech. Last December, while a seventh-grader, he scored 700 of a possible 800 on the math SAT, a test ordinarily administered to high school juniors and seniors, in Johns Hopkins' search for mathematically precocious youngsters. Along with his sister Anita, and three other Lakeland Middle School students, he participated in the Olympics of the Mind competition, and his team won the local, state and national titles in its division. He has played first cello in the school orchestra and now plays first violin.

Nolan, who recently turned 13, is planning to become a racquetball professional within the next two years so as to play in the



Men's Pro division. He already has two sponsors, Footjoy shoes and Eklon racquets. He more than holds his own now against most adults on the court, as witness the end of this poem that Louis Faelia, 35, wrote after getting drubbed by the lad:

*Embarrassed by this cartoonist
I quickly ran and hid,
And the only thing that I could say:
"Who was that ROTTEN KID?"*

THEY SAID IT

• William Perry, Clemson middle guard, on the two-year TV and postseason ban imposed on the Tigers by the NCAA: "What makes it hard is that we can't watch television for two years."

• Ed Koch, New York City mayor, at a press conference for New York City Marathon winners Rod Dixon of New Zealand and Grete Waitz of Norway: "These are two marvelous New Yorkers, but they talk funny."

END

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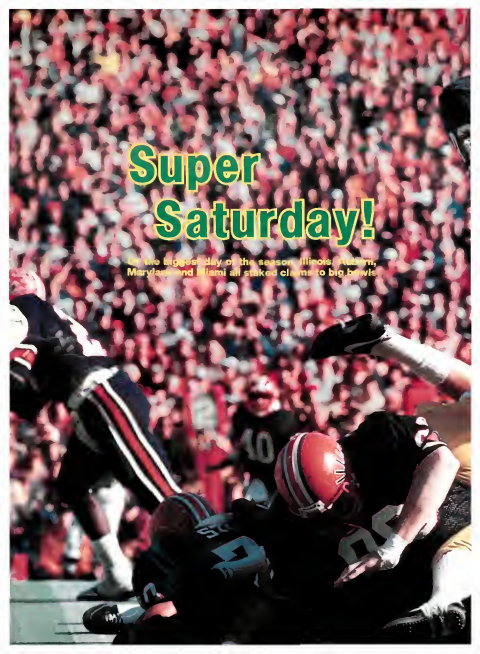
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A full-page photograph of a college football game. In the foreground, a player in a dark jersey with the number 50 is on the ground, looking up. Another player in a dark jersey with the number 20 is also on the ground nearby. A player in a white jersey with the number 10 is visible in the background. The background is a large, dense crowd of spectators, mostly wearing red clothing. The text "Super Saturday!" is overlaid in the upper center of the image.

Super Saturday!

On the biggest day of the season, Illinois, Auburn, Maryland and Miami all staked claims to big bowls.



Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 7, 1983

Thomas Rooks's Illini hit the top of the Big Ten for the first time in 20 years.

CONTINUED

The Illini Toss A Wild Champaign Party

by STEVE WULF

Like something out of a dream, a tidal wave of orange and blue came sweeping over Zuppke Field in Champaign, Ill. Saturday afternoon. It toppled two sets of metal goalposts as if they were built of pickup sticks, and its force will probably prove great enough to carry thousands upon thousands of people from the prairies all the way to Pasadena.

The wave was generated by an eruption of joy. Illinois, down so long, had defeated Michigan, up so long, by a score of 16-6, giving the Fighting Illini their first clear shot at the Big Ten championship and a trip to the Rose Bowl since 1964. Illinois—now 6-0 in the conference, while Michigan is 5-1—has only to win its next three games, against the Teeny Three of Minnesota, Indiana and Northwestern, and unless it stops to smell the Rose Bowl along the way, it will.



It wasn't just the prospect of a Pasadena trip that had Illinois people excited. Their team hadn't beaten Michigan since 1966, and in the intervening 17 years the Wolverines had outscored the Illini 542-122, or about 32-7 per game.

Almost every citizen in greater Champaign-Urbana wore a MOMO button last week, expressing their opinion of Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, and various items emblazoned with the slogan **WESUGAN MICHIGAN** sold like hotcakes.

Of course, the crowd of 76,127, the largest in the stadium's 60-year history, was in a frenzy by kickoff time. The Wolverines calmed things down soon enough, though, with a 38-yard field goal by Bob Bergeron. As Jack Trudeau, Illinois' sophomore quarterback paced the sidelines, concerned with his six incompletions in his first 11 pass attempts, he bumped into Dan Smith, a psychologist who works with the Illini athletic teams. "He just told me to relax," said Trudeau. "He's told us to think of a light blue color when we want to relax, so I went over to the bench, sat down and thought light blue."

In the second quarter,



After taking Trudeau's fourth-quarter pass 46 yards, Williams came up after his dive over the goal line.

Williams, here dodging Michigan's Carlton Rose, hauled in six passes.

Trudeau completed all six of his passes. A fumbled snap at the Michigan 26 cost Illinois one scoring opportunity, but it was soon back in business after Luke Sewall partially blocked a Michigan punt. On fourth-and-one from the Wolverine 25, Illini Fullback Thomas Rooks powered through the middle for a first down. Then, on first-and-goal from the nine, Rooks caught a Trudeau pass in the right flat, ran down the sideline and dove into the end zone.

Aside from Illinois' 7-3 lead, the most surprising thing about the first half was that Michigan—ranked fourth in the nation in rushing—hadn't used its option offense, which senior Quarterback Steve Smith, a runner more

than a passer, is best equipped to operate. One could have described the Wolverine offense as *slomobro*.

Michigan did remember to go to the option in the second half, and Smith got his troops as far as the Illinois 11 before the Illini defense, led by Safety Craig Swoope, swooped in and stopped them. The Wolverines had to settle for another Bergeron field goal—this one 28 yards—to make it 7-6.

Illinois lost another fumble, this time at the Michigan one-yard line, after Trudeau's handoff caromed off Running Back Dwight Beverly's elbow. "We could have self-destructed right there," said White. In the old days Michigan would have risen up and stomped the Illini. But these are different times indeed.

The Wolverines ran three feeble plays and punted, after which Trudeau, thinking light blue, came back blazing. On first down from the Michigan 46, he called a 77 Y Shallow Cross. But instead of hitting the tight end short, Trudeau found Williams cutting right to left underneath



White has taken lip on his way to the top.

a deep zone at about the 30. Williams got around Defensive Back Brad Cochran, outran Safety Evan Cooper along the left sideline and made a swan dive into the end zone from three yards out.

Trudeau ended up completing 23 of 31 passes for 271 yards against the nation's No. 2 defense. The Illini defense, meanwhile, got the better of the Wolverine offensive line: Tackle Don Thorp was especially effective against Michigan's outstanding guard, Stefan Humphries. In all, the Wolverines got only 135 yards on the

continued

Rooks's catch in the flat and nine-yard run finished with a flat-out lunge into Michigan's end zone for the Illini's first touchdown.



ground. And Michigan never got past its own 36 after Illinois' second TD.

The other anchor up front for the Illini defense was Tackle Mark Butkus, whose Uncle Dick was a linebacker on the last Illinois Rose Bowl team before his nine-year stint with the Chicago Bears. Young Butkus, who's as tough as you'd expect, limped through the afternoon with cartilage damage in his left knee.

The Illini put the game away with a last-minute safety: Cooper inexplicably tried to run a Chris Sigoamey punt out of the Michigan end zone and was tackled there by Joe Miles.

Illinois has come a long way in the four years since White, 47, was hired to replace Gary Moeller, then a former Schembechler assistant who has since rejoined the Michigan staff. White inher-



Butkus (above) played on a bum knee and had a big hand in the Illini defense, as did Swoope, here swooping in on Kerry Smith.



ed a team that had had but one winning season in 14 years; still, he made enemies at Illinois and elsewhere in the conference when, in his first three years, he imported more than 30 junior college transfers, mostly from California, to fortify the team. That simply wasn't done in the

provincial and, supposedly, highly principled Big Ten. White is still not the most popular man in the conference. For one thing, Illinois has been undergoing an NCAA preliminary inquiry stemming from a three-day visit to the school by two J.C. transfers in January 1982. For

another, the Illini have developed a reputation for, shall we say, dirty play. The 6' 4", 250-pound Thorp, one of the accused, says, "Well, I may have gnawed on someone's ankle, but no, no, nothing dirty." Maybe not, but Illinois has become known as the "Biting Illini."

Last Friday, while White addressed an overflow Quarterback Club luncheon at the Rec-Arena in nearby Savoy, a man done up to resemble Schembechler—he had on Michigan sweats and no was printed on his right cheek—interrupted him. "I just want to say we're pretty nice people in Michigan," said the ersatz Bo, actually a local banker named Jim Fink. "We love our mothers, we love our dogs, and, in fact, we've even developed a fondness for J.C. transfers." White plopped a cream pie on "Schembechler's" head.

On Saturday, Michigan figuratively got a pie in its collective face. In nearby Urbana, the Rose Bowl Package House & Tavern was humming late into the night. The Rose Bowl was so named in 1946, just before the Illini, led by Buddy Young, went to Pasadena and beat UCLA 45-14. The Drifting Playboys were holding sway, and Sonny Norman, lead singer and proprietor of the bar, had to turn people away. Into Sunday morning the patrons chanted, "Rose Bowl, Rose Bowl, Rose Bowl..."

The Tigers Are Burning Bright

by CRAIG NEFF

Florida football Coach Charley Pell stood beneath the stands at Auburn's Jordan-Hare Stadium, fuming. "I hope some way, somehow, there's justice found for those officials," he said angrily. "This has happened here twice in a row." In the aftermath of his team's 28-21 loss

portant Florida-Auburn game ever, a matchup between the fourth-ranked Gators, off to their best start (6-0-1) in 17 years, and the seventh-rated Tigers (6-1), who were going after their first SEC championship since 1957, when Shug Jordan coached them to a national cham-

burn players still seethed about what they swore was an incorrect—and crowd-influenced—ruling on a late-game fumble in Gainesville, Fla. a year ago; officials gave the ball to Florida on the play, setting up the deciding field goal in a 19-17 Gator victory. "That one has stuck in our



On Auburn's first possession, Jackson got an official escort for a 55-yard TD romp.

to Auburn Saturday—a defeat that all but flattened the previously unbeaten Gators' hopes for their first Southeastern Conference title—Pell was lashing out at referees and Auburn coaches and all the strange and unsavory happenings in what he called "a bad week for college football and the conference." Pell felt his team had been set up, cheated and slandered. "It tastes bad," he said.

This had been billed as the most im-

portant Florida-Auburn game ever, a matchup between the fourth-ranked Gators, off to their best start (6-0-1) in 17 years, and the seventh-rated Tigers (6-1), who were going after their first SEC championship since 1957, when Shug Jordan coached them to a national cham-

Added to all that was the undisguised ill feeling between the two teams. Au-

burn players still seethed about what they swore was an incorrect—and crowd-influenced—ruling on a late-game fumble in Gainesville, Fla. a year ago; officials gave the ball to Florida on the play, setting up the deciding field goal in a 19-17 Gator victory. "That one has stuck in our

Anger rose to an even higher pitch at midweek when Auburn players started

continued



James mashed his hand in a chair and then mauled the Gators with 73 yards rushing.

publicly discussing the Gators' style of play. "They late-hit and spear and shake fingers at you for intimidation," said Tiger Halfback Bo Jackson. "I don't think they're as good a team as they claim to be." Jackson's teammates spoke similarly of Florida, as have other Gator opponents this year. Pell would later claim that Auburn's comments were part of a Dye-abolition plot to bias the judgment of Saturday's officials.

As for Dye, he was concerned about Jackson, a talented sophomore, who was still feeling the effects of a week-long virus, and his senior running mate, Lionel James, who was nursing a painfully injured finger, having punched his left hand in a folding chair in the locker room just minutes before kickoff. The 6' 8", 222-pound Jackson and the 5' 7", 166-pound James are Big Train and Little Train; when they don't roll, Auburn doesn't.

But in the first half, the Tigers went cannonballing along. Jackson blasted through the left side on Auburn's first possession and went 55 yards for a touchdown, and James, his fingers heavily taped, darted 17 yards for another score late in the second quarter. Meanwhile, the Tigers' highly regarded defensive line was holding Williams and Anderson to a

total of only six yards on five carries. At halftime, Auburn led 21-7 on the scoreboard; the Gators led five (for 39 yards) to one (five yards) in penalties.

Midway through the third quarter came The Play. After a first-and-goal snap at the Auburn eight, Anderson cut a path over left tackle toward what seemed a sure Gator TD. But at some point between the one-yard line and the goal—or so officials ruled—Tiger Cornerback Jimmie Warren jarred the ball loose from behind, sending it bouncing out of the end zone. No touchdown. Loss of possession. Pell was apoplectic in protest.

Auburn was given the ball on its own 20. Not surprisingly, the Tigers turned to Jack-

son, who finished the day with 196 yards on 16 carries. Such is Jackson's athleticism that he has hit 500-foot home runs, which drew a \$100,000 contract offer from the Yankees, and qualified for the NCAA track and field indoor championships by running a 6.18 60-yard dash. Now he shot through a hole in the left side, cut right and sped 80 yards for a TD. Instead of trailing 21-14, Florida was suddenly behind 28-7.

And nothing could save the Gators. Not even a fourth-quarter rally in which Peace pitched Florida to TDs on two consecutive drives. Peace finished the day with terrific stats: 29 of 41 and 336 passing yards. But Williams and Anderson ended with only 70 yards between them, 100 shy of their combined average. Also, Florida was hit with 10 penalties and lost three fumbles—Pell disputed almost all of those 13 calls.

Auburn's win left the Tigers in a tie with Georgia for the SEC lead at 4-0, a game ahead of Florida and Alabama, each 3-1. This week it's Florida-Georgia, next week it's Georgia-Auburn, and on Dec. 3 it's Auburn-Alabama. Late Saturday, that scheduling had Dye speaking fondly of his school's new and heated rival. "I'm a Florida fan now," he said with a smile. "I wish 'em all the luck in the world against Georgia. Go, Gators!"



Peace hit Dwayne Dixon for the final Florida TD.

Carolina's Cookie Crumbled Again

by JACK McCALLUM

Yep, right on schedule: The leaves have started to fall and so has North Carolina's football team. The much-anticipated annual event occurred Saturday at Maryland's Byrd Stadium, where the previously undefeated and No. 3-ranked Tar Heels fell to the Terrapins 28-26 in front of 51,200 fans and a variety of folks in the press box wearing brightly colored jackets. But, once again, the representatives from the Orange, Sugar, Cotton and Fiesta bowls probably wasted their time by coming to see Carolina.

It was the second straight year that Maryland burst the balloon; North Carolina was 5-1 and rated ninth by SI last year when the Terps went to Chapel Hill and scored a 31-24 victory. Hello, Sun Bowl. In 1981 South Carolina soundly upset (31-13) an undefeated Tar Heel team in the seventh week of the season. Hello, Gator Bowl. In 1980 Oklahoma administered a 41-7 beating to the 7-0 Heels. Hello, Bluebonnet Bowl. Must be something about this time of year that spoils the Tar Heels, who haven't gone to a major bowl since 1950.

But Maryland, now 7-1, just might be playing some football on Jan. 2. Even if the Terrapins don't upset fourth-ranked Auburn on the road this Saturday, they're still in line for a big bowl, most likely the Fiesta. They have a solid defense, an imaginative offense with two outstanding running backs—Willie Joyner and Rick Badanjek—and the kind of personality that bowl people love in Quarterback Norman Julius Esiason, a.k.a. Boomer.

With his team trailing Carolina 17-10 at halftime, Esiason sat down and had a talk with himself, which isn't unusual because he's usually having a talk with someone. "Boomer," said Esiason, "this is the last one [this last home game]. Boomer, you're going to go out and win it or lose it. Boomer, it's up to you."

And he was up to it. On the first series of the second half Esiason—a lefty, of course—marched Maryland 79 yards for a touchdown. Twenty-four of those yards came on an exquisite roll-right pass to



This seven-yard carry by Joyner gave the Terps a 7-0 jump on the favored Heels.

At the half, Esiason (left) had a serious talk with himself—and clearly he listened.

Wide Receiver Greg Hill that motivated Esiason's credentials as a first-round draft pick. The touchdown came on a 14-yard pass to Badanjek, who followed a crushing downfield block by Right Guard Shawn Benson into the end zone. In the Terps' Friday night team meeting, Coach Bobby Ross had discussed the possibility of using a fake kick, so Esiason wasn't surprised when Placekicker Jess Atkinson brought in that play. Esiason, the holder, rolled to his left and found Tight End Chris Knight in the back of the end zone for the two-pointer that gave Maryland an 18-17 lead.

That became a 21-17 margin.

continued

Knight's two-point conversion put Maryland ahead for good.



gin some nine minutes later after a 19-yard Atkinson field goal. The Terrapins had gotten the ball back when Clarence Baldwin intercepted a poorly thrown pass by North Carolina Quarterback Scott Stankavage, who had come into the game as the nation's third most efficient passer. Stankavage had a better day statistically (19 of 35 for 211 yards) than Esiason (10 of 20 for 137), but he doesn't have Esiason's rifle arm or his penchant for making the big, dramatic strike.

Which is just what Esiason did late in the third quarter, when he threw a 24-yard clothesline of a touchdown pass to freshman Sean Sullivan in the far corner of the end zone on a broken play. That gave Maryland a 28-17 lead. This time the Terps had gotten the ball on a fumble by Carolina return man Mark Smith at his team's 30, and Esiason made the Tar Heels pay immediately for that misue. Though his running backs were in the wrong alignment, Esiason eyed his secondary receiver, Sullivan, streaking toward the corner after beating Free Safety Steve Hendrickson.

North Carolina finally got its offense back together in the fourth period. With Maryland easing, perhaps unconsciously, into a premature prevent, Stankavage completed five passes in a row and sent Tailback Ethan Horton into the line for steady yardage. But two outstanding defensive efforts—Left Halfback Lendell Jones's diving breakup of a Stankavage pass and Outside Linebacker J.D. Gross's third-down stop of Horton for a two-yard loss—forced the Heels to settle for Brooks Barwick's 22-yard field goal. That made it 28-20 with 10:16 remaining.

The Heels didn't get three points the next time down the field, though they might well have gotten that or more. North Carolina had been in good shape with a second-and-four at the Maryland 16, and with more than eight minutes left, it seemed to be an excellent spot to use the 6'4", 220-pound junior block-buster Horton, who had gained 59 yards in the second half to that juncture. Instead, Stankavage threw two incompletions, and they were followed by Barwick's wide-right miss from the 16. Oddly, Tar Heel Coach Dick Crum hadn't even run Horton until Carolina's final possession in the second quarter, he'd left the running to senior Tyrone Anthony, who is good but not as good as Horton.

Both Horton, who had two catches for

24 yards, and Tight End Arnold Franklin, who had three for 56, were effective during North Carolina's final desperate scoring drive, which ended in Anthony's one-yard dive with only 22 seconds left. Maryland 28, North Carolina 26. The game, possibly the ACC title, possibly a major bowl bid, would come down to a single two-point conversion.

North Carolina asked to have the ball placed on the left hash mark so Stankavage would have room to roll right. It's hard to find fault with a roll-out, because it provides a pass-run option and spreads out the defense, but it has become almost a cliché in that situation; one of these days some offensive deep thinker will have to come up with a better idea.

Anticipating a roll-out right, Maryland Tackle Pete Koch and Gross both blitzed on the right side. That forced Fullback Eddie Colson to choose one or the other to block. Colson took Koch, giving Gross a clear path on the outside. Meanwhile, Carolina tried to "pick" a coverage man on the right side. "Whenever they do that it takes a little time," said Greg Williams, Maryland's secondary coach. "What they were doing was gambling they could get it off before J.D. got there." They couldn't. Stankavage had Anthony open in the flat, but Gross hurried him and Stankavage tossed the ball long.

"I threw it a little before I wanted to," said Stankavage. "He [Gross] made a good defensive play, and I didn't even see what happened to the ball. I didn't have to. I heard the crowd." Then he saw the crowd, which rushed out of the stands to tear down the goalpost at the east end of the stadium, still with those 22 seconds on the clock. Ross knew the fans' outburst would cost him 15 yards on the ensuing kickoff, but he couldn't resist a smile. "We've been trying to get emotion like that here for a while," he said.

For Carolina, so it goes. Among the Tar Heels' 1983 victims had been a non-conference trifecta of Memphis State (24-10), Miami of Ohio (48-17) and William & Mary (51-20), and the cumulative record of their seven opponents before Maryland is 20-36. As the old Chinese proverb says: He who builds his reputation by playing against fortune cookies will crumble when the going gets tough.

continued

While a tenacious Terp hung high, the Byrd Stadium fans yelled their second goalpost







Hostettler (15) left the game because Nehlen decided that "he could get killed out there."

The Hurricane Watch Extends To Nebraska

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Bernie Kosar, Miami's unfreshmanlike freshman quarterback, characterizes the Hurricane offense as "disciplined." He figures it has to be to execute all the gymnastics and high-wire acts that Coach Howard Schnellenberger demands of it. On the other hand, Miami Middle Guard Tony Fitzpatrick, the stubby block of muscle and mouth who's what you might expect to get if you crossed the underlander on an Irish tumbling team with a Tasmanian devil, characterizes the Hurricane

defense as "loose" and, well, loud. It rags and jaws and talks trash, and pops opposing players with such percussion the Gatorade trembles in the cups along the sidelines. It harasses, it intimidates, it dominates. In other words, says a rival coach who doesn't have to play Miami this year, "It's a joy to watch."

The Hurricanes are the most amazing college football team of 1983, and the amazing Kosar, with his wonderful right arm and his 3.4 GPA—he passes and

passes—is as responsible as any individual for that. Kosar keeps outgunning the big guns, as he did in Saturday's shootout with West Virginia's Jeff Hostettler, and Miami's offense keeps rolling ever closer to an Orange Bowl date with Nebraska.

It's the Hurricane defensive unit, however, that's really amazing. Granted the peculiarities of polls, bowl committees and conference tie-ups—not to mention the four hairy weekends left in the season—the Miami defense may be the only one left with a chance to spike No. 1 Nebraska and its prepotent attack. The prerequisites for such an appetizing matchup, of course, are that the Cornhuskers win the Big Eight title and that Miami beat East Carolina and Florida State in its last two games. The Orange Bowl committee has its breath held.

In their mad dash up the rankings, the Hurricanes have won eight consecutive games since opening with a 28-3 loss at Florida. Last week before a howling crowd of 63,881 at the Orange Bowl, Miami brushed aside 11th-ranked West Virginia 20-3 just about as easily as the irrepressible Fitzpatrick says he handles opposing centers: "I flip 'em around like a dishrag." The first 10 times the Mountaineers ran the ball, they netted a grand total of zero yards. Counting six sacks, West Virginia backs wound up with a net two yards on the ground, and Hostettler, who had been averaging 200 yards passing, was held to 166 in 29 attempts. He was benched in the fourth quarter when Coach Don Nehlen decided that "He might get killed out there."

Not to worry too much, Coach. For all the flaring nostrils and airy emissions, Miami's defense is as disciplined as its offense—"like a Rolex watch," says Fitzpatrick. It was as much technique as terror that stopped Hostettler. The Hurricane defense, which ranks second in the nation in fewest yards allowed (241 per game), is tutored by a civilized and quiet man named Tom Ollivadotti—Commander O to the troops—who contrives so many deceptive alignments and coverages

continued

Extremely poised for a freshman, Kosar picked apart the West Virginia D.



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Reggie Sutton returned two kickoffs for 39 yards and on defense broke up two passes.

SUPER SATURDAY *continued*

that beaten rivals frequently can't tell what Miami did, even after seeing the films. Commander O's troops include a few bona fide talents and a bunch of guys who make up for not being great by playing great. Linebacker Jay Brophy, for example, is an All-America candidate who studies films and picks up things. Last week he detected that Hostetler has a tendency to keep both hands on the ball when he's going to drop back to pass, but only one when he's going to hand off. That's the sort of info an active linebacker can make hay with. Brophy had a hand in a game-high 15 tackles.

And, of course, there's Fitzpatrick, who passed up a chance to go to Liberty Baptist in Lynchburg, Va., the only school other than Miami to offer him a scholarship. Until he tore a tendon in his left biceps late in the game, an injury that requires surgery and will knock him out for the year. Fitzpatrick was having the season of a lifetime. Early against the Mountaineers he put Hostetler down with emphasis, and as the two of them got up he says the quarterback asked him,

"What's your first name, Fitzpatrick?"

"Tom."

"I got a feeling I'm gonna see a lot more of you today."

"You can count on it."

After the Mountaineers capped a game-opening 75-yard drive with a short field goal, the Hurricanes retaliated with an icy-cool 81-yard scoring march. In it the remarkably poised Kosar—his concentration is so good that he says he often doesn't realize he has been knocked down on a pass rush until he finds himself getting back up—completed five passes. Four were to Tight End Glenn

Dennison, who has hands like tar buckets and sets a school receiving record every time he catches the ball. His last grab on the drive was for 19 yards and the go-ahead-for-good TD.

Miami went up 10-3 in the second quarter on a 36-yard field goal by Jeff Davis and then opened the third quarter with another long drive that led to a Davis kick from 31 yards. The Hurricanes clinched the game with a 90-yard scoring drive that was climaxed by a five-yard pass from Kosar to Running Back Keith Griffin with 13:13 to play. The big number was a 49-yard pass to Wide Receiver Eddie Brown. Kosar reads blitzes and coverages as if they were primers, and against the Mountaineers he completed 19 of 36 throws for 211 yards and had four or five perfect passes dropped.

The Hurricanes have won 23 of 25 games at home under Schnellenberger, who plucked the Miami program out of the ashes five years ago. After Saturday's game, Schnellenberger, who's apparently into analogies these days, told his team, "It's a horse race now, with other horses ahead but struggling and the finish line in sight." He likened the Hurricanes' circumstances to "being two pitches away from victory in the ninth inning." They believe him.

Who knows? Maybe Nebraska will, too, come Jan. 2.

END



Dennison caught seven passes, including this one for a score.



Just The Perfect Couple



Ice dancers Torvill and Dean are nonpareil—on top of the Worlds and all but assured of Olympic gold
by **BOB OTTUM**

They're the best thing to come out of Nottingham since D.H. Lawrence and Raleigh bicycles.

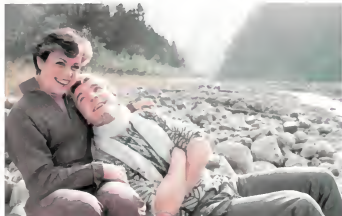
—THE LONDON MAIL ON SUNDAY

This is the story of two ice dancers from Nottingham. They're so smooth, so elegant, that together they've picked up their sport, shaken it vigorously and changed it all around. One skater is named Jayne Torvill, the other, Christopher Dean. He's an ex-rotuee cop, and she's a former insurance clerk, he has dimples, she hasn't. They started out with different partners, but when they teamed

up in 1975, something magic happened. *Magic.*

It's still happening. The most vivid proof of that came last March 12 in the ice-dancing competition at the 1983 world figure skating championships in Helsinki. At the conclusion of Torvill and Dean's free-dance program, the scoreboard first flashed a row of nine 5.9 scores—out of a possible 6.0—for technical merit, then it lit up with a display of nine 6.0s for artistic impression, something that had never before occurred in any form of figure skating. Those scores, of course, gave them the 1983 world title, their third in a row.

Since then, Torvill and Dean have continued to grow and build, deliberately weaving mystery around everything they do, opening a gap on the rest of the ice-dancing field that assuredly won't close before they turn pro early next year. If there was ever a gut-sure bet, it's that Torvill and Dean will win the gold medal at the 1984 Winter Olympics in Sarajevo in February, and then knock off still another championship at the world meet in Ottawa a



T & D enjoy some R & R near their West German hideaway.



A string of 8.0s lit up the Helsinki scoreboard after T & D's "Barnum" program.

month later. After that, they will step aside. They won't just join an ice show. Not these two. Torvill and Dean are an ice show.

"Well," says Dean, "all sports lay down certain rules, and we have a lot of them in ours. In the free program—which counts for 50% of the score—we've got to wrap it all up in four minutes. Not much time. So there's only one thing to do: We turn on the music and try to lead the audience into fantasy."

"The idea," says Torvill, "is to take an ordinary sports event and bring to it a sense of occasion."

Torvill and Dean are saying this between rounds six weeks ago at a London meet called Ice International T & D, as they are affectionately called by the British press, have just finished an ice-dancing exhibition and, as usual, have brought down the house. Bouquets of flowers have come raining down onto the rink in graceful arcs. Also as usual, the crowd seems overwrought at what it has just seen. Cool British reserve is nowhere in evidence this evening.

T & D have just presented the musical *Barnum* condensed into four minutes, complete with miming of clowns, tight-rope walkers, tumblers and jugglers. T & D did it all so expertly that one half-expected to see bright balls and tenpins spinning in the air. Every move, even the deeply carved turns that slanted them perilously close to the ice, came off in such union that there was no sense of the athleticism involved. A roll-her-over-his-head move, if one looked closely, brought all the muscles across Dean's

back into play; they trembled with the effort as he otherwise made the move look fluid and easy.

T & D created an illusion, as promised, but it was more than that. That something more was evident again when Torvill and Dean flowed through a soft and slow dance as the raspy voice of Robert Preston sang *I Won't Send Roses* from the musical *Mack and Mabel*. The members of the audience were perfectly still; they were identifying. It seemed that every woman in the crowd was out there skating with this handsome young hunk, and every man was lifting Torvill as easily and caressing her as sensuously as Dean was. No matter how fat or dowdy they were, or how much their feet hurt, for this brief moment they were transported away from the drab business of their lives. And that's the magic. As Dean had said earlier, "People relate to what we do because we make it look so easy and fluid. They get the feeling, 'Ahh, God, I can do that,' or they feel, 'That's really me out there.'"

As T & D's coach, Betty Callaway, puts it, "This is a couple performing, not a pair. They're interpreting a piece of music, and you don't see the incredible stamina involved. It's not like watching Scott Hamilton or Elaine Zayak doing their triples and spins, or Randy Gardner twirling Tai Babilonia high overhead. The fans understand that they can't do any of that, and so, while they appreciate the work involved in single and pairs skating, they don't truly relate to it. Pairs skaters are totally athletic and don't skate



with each other as ice dancers do."

In *Torvill & Dean*, a just-published biography by veteran Sportswriter John Hennessy, a former world champion, Bernard Ford, says, "Watching them skate, the way they caress the ice, it's like watching God skate."

The day after their Ice International triumph, Torvill and Dean are hiding out at the little-known Forum Hotel in southwest London, resting up for that evening's performance at another rink. Outside the skaters' quarters, it seems that everybody in town wants to take a little bite of them: Figure skating, society and show business reporters clamor for interviews; they send in notes, they call con-

continued



TORVILL AND DEAN *continued*

stantly, and they lurk around the lobby. Messages are stacking up from the BBC, whose TV camera crews are at the ready. Says Hennessy, "It's because we're such a small island and don't have many world champions that we tend to go a bit bonkers over them."

What's making Britons especially screwy at this point is that everybody wants to find out about the new T & D free-dance routine. It will be unveiled, with great fanfare, at the British championships on Nov. 18. Until then, it's strictly secret, of course. In 1982, before introducing *Barnum On Ice* at the British

championships, Torvill and Dean had practiced in total secrecy in Obersdorf, West Germany, and when they presented it, the rest of the sport was caught with its spindles down.

In their hotel hideaway, T & D lean back and grin widely over their cups of cappuccino, the strongest thing they drink in training. Dean confides, "This secrecy thing about our skating can get a bit paranoid, but we're now caught up in it." Says Torvill, "It builds up and up until our appearance in a world com-



petition seems to be more like a premiere. But this isn't done to psych our opponents—because we don't really care what they do."

What an odd sport, in which the tough stuff is deliberately hidden away so that all the audience sees is a smooth flow of movement and line. Callaway stands at rinkside in September; a former ice dancer, she has coached T & D for five years. "First, you've got to have enormous strength and stamina," she says, "and then one adds talent. After that, only by constant repetition year after year can you finally get it right. Some skaters never do; they wave their arms about prettily and smile gaily, but it takes more than that." On the ice, the 26-year-old Torvill, 5' 1/2", 100 pounds, and the 25-year-old Dean, 5' 10", 155 pounds and seemingly too skinny to pick up even Torvill—until one checks out his forearms and biceps—are waffling along with what pass for serene smiles locked into place. But one can see the shine of perspiration forming on their faces and the veins standing out

continued



A man is shown from the waist down, wearing dark denim jeans and a dark leather jacket. He is holding a pair of light-colored work gloves in his hands. The background is a solid dark color.

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like cables along each side of Dean's neck each time he lifts her. Earlier, Dean had pointed out that pairs skaters purposely plot a lot of easy moves between their difficult lifts and throws so that they can catch their breath, but ice dancers don't have such luxuries. In fact, says Callaway, "This discipline is so hard that they must learn to do their program by instinct."

The restrictions on ice dancing also make it a lot meaner than it looks: For years, certain members of the International Olympic Committee opposed accepting dance as an Olympic sport be-

cause it was a bit more lively—a team's two-minute rendition of a predetermined dance form that counts for 20% of the score. At Sarajevo next year, it'll be a thing called the *paso doble*. Even in the free-dance routine that tops off the competition, there are strict rules. While skating their way through at least three changes in dance rhythm, the performers must never be apart on the ice for more than five seconds or two arm's lengths; they can't perform more than half-revolution jumps; and there can't be any lifts in which the man's arms are higher than his shoulders. No somersaults are

allowed, either. "The rules are so strict," says Dean, "that you have to be very precise. And the rules say that we must interpret the music. And so it has all been accepted."

It sure has: The T & D innovations have now swept through the sport like a storm, and most other ice dancers are attempting the same stuff. The best of them is the U.S. team of Judy Blumberg and Michael Seibert (see box page 43), who are currently ranked third in the world.

"We don't deliberately use our championship status to evade the rules," Dean says. Then he shrugs just a bit. "But so far, we haven't been told no."

For T & D, getting to this lofty state has been anything but glamorous; the grind has shut out everything else in their lives. This obsessiveness comes from Torvill and Dean's instinctive grasp that skating is their only way out of obscurity. Both come from modest circumstances. Dean is the son of an electrician; Torvill's folks operate a small newsstand-magazine shop and live in the flat above it. She began skating at 10. Dean got out on the ice after receiving a pair of skates for Christmas when he was also 10 years old. One of his early accomplishments was crashing into a rink barrier and breaking a leg. And their teaming up in '75 wasn't accompanied by a roll of drums and a bolt of lightning through the ceiling, as their fans now seem ready to believe: T & D, both of whom had been moderate successes to that point, were both simply at loose ends, and it seemed like a decent idea at the time. "We just felt right," Dean says now.

When they started skating together, Torvill was already bored with her clerk's job, and Dean was a rookie on the Nottingham force. For a time, T & D tried to combine both worlds—working out while their occupational colleagues slept. At one point they had regular training sessions from 4 to 6 a.m. After the workout, Torvill would dash home to get ready for work, and Dean would jump on the Zamboni to refinish the ice for the day's skaters. By 1978, they had won the British title, which they've held ever since, and were clearly on the move.

continued



The scenery outside the Obersdorf rink can't lure Callaway & Co. from the serious work at hand.

cause, they huffed, it was art and not sport. But the International Skating Union kept the pressure on until finally ice dancing was allowed in as an exhibition event at the 1968 Winter Games. In 1976 it became an official event, though subject to several tight rules. Competition begins with the compulsory section, which constitutes 30% of the total score. Each season, six dances are available for use during the compulsories; one group of three is drawn from the hat, and the skaters then show off their mastery of such varied stuff as the Viennese waltz, the Yankee polka and the Argentine Tango. The OSP (Original Set Pattern) that

allowed, and, finally, the skaters must interpret the music they're dancing to, whatever that means. It's that last part that Torvill and Dean spotted as a loophole big enough to drive an entire career through.

"We're not breaking the rules with the way we skate," says Dean, looking innocent. "We're pushing them; we stretch them." In *Barnum On Ice*, they fill the rink with circusy whoop-de-dos. "There is a sort of somersault in *Barnum*," Torvill says. "And there's an over-the-shoulder lift, which one might say technically isn't allowed. But Chris is bending down when he does it, so it's not quite over the

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For T & D, their biggest break came in the summer of 1980 when they finally decided to give up everything else and make a run for No. 1 in the world: Skate or bust. They figured out the barest budget that it would take to get them to the 1984 Winter Olympics, and in a surprise move that was bitterly opposed by the Conservative Party minority, the Nottingham City Council awarded them a grant for training expenses: £14,000 (about \$21,000) a year to carry them to Sarajevo. It proved to be a helluva hunch bet. That year, T & D finished fourth in the world meet and fifth at the Lake Placid Olympics. In 1984 they won the European crown and their first world championship, a title dominated by the Soviets for the previous 12 years. T & D were No. 1 in the world again in 1982. With each victory came startling new records in scoring, now upon row of 5.9% and steadily growing strings of 6.0%, all of which would climax with that record string in Helsinki.

Other honors piled up as well. In both 1981 and '82 Torvill and Dean were voted Team of the Year by the British Sports Writers Association; T & D were received at No. 10 Downing St. in November 1979; two years later, they made the Queen's Honours list and trooped off to Buckingham Palace to receive MBEs.

Not that any of this turned their pretty

heads. At Prime Minister Thatcher's reception, Torvill had to go to the bathroom, and she later told Hennessy that the loo "was nice, really nice. Lots of gold taps and things, gold door handles. Think of the people who must have used it!" After being received and decorated by the Queen, Torvill bubbled on and on about Buckingham Palace: "There was a man in funny dress, an usher I suppose, and there were some pawkers."

Said Dean, "Gurkhas, I think you mean."

Now, back at the Forum Hotel, T & D relax over their cappuccino. Their relationship, they insist, is difficult to explain. It might have been a sort of love once, some years ago, but it isn't now—it's an inexplicable closeness. And any romantic impulses either may feel for anyone else are firmly put aside until after the Olympics. They are closer than best friends; they're more than brother and sister, Torvill says, and less than husband and wife. It's a response they've both made several times, and they're clearly weary of it, but the press keeps boring in on them, unable to accept that two people who skate in such stunning unison aren't lovers. But then Dean points out the matter-of-fact, crushing lack of romance in their skating.

"This is constant, unglamorous work," he says. "Coming up to today, for exam-

ple, we haven't taken one day off in 2½ months." Says Torvill, "Everything we've done is a progression to this goal. We've become a bit blinkered to any other life. And now, at last, we're here. But we're not surprised about it."

And they put down their cups, in perfect unison, and talk on, in nicely cadenced sentences, drawing pictures in the air with their hands while they explain things.

Dean: "You must lash yourself to the point where, if you're having a bad night, nobody will ever know."

Torvill: "Right. And the biggest secret of our success is this: We put the crowd at ease. When you get out there, the crowd should never be nervous for you."

Dean: "And if one of us makes a mistake during the routine, the other will automatically repeat it so that it appears to have been planned."

Torvill: "A lot of people don't understand about fitting all this to music. But we look upon a piece of music as a picture; we see it and not hear it."

And in unison, ever smoothly, they rise and get ready to face the crowds of people waiting for them. They're both obviously tuned to a fine edge: nothing will be permitted to upset that until after Sarajevo. "Maybe what we do is entertainment," Dean says at the door. "But it's within sport," says Torvill.

AND

THEY'RE AS AMERICAN AS FRED AND GINGER

In any other sport, they'd be described as comers. Maybe contenders. But in ice dancing, which operates in its own little, intensely political sphere, the U.S. team of Judy Blumberg and Michael Seibert is coming on more as the heirs and heir apparent.

Right now, Blumberg and Seibert are spotted third, right behind the not-so-formidable Soviet couple, 1983 world silver medalists Natalia Bestemianova and Andrei Bukin. What many fans didn't quite catch in the reports from the '83 world championships at Helsinki was that Blumberg and Seibert missed knocking off the Soviets by a mere one-tenth of a point; if one certain judge had voted the U.S. twosome a 5.8 instead of a 5.7 in technical merit, Blumberg and Seibert would have brought home the silver. As it is, getting the bronze medal marked a notable advance; the first U.S. medal in seven years.

Which accounts for the growing interest in



Blumberg and Seibert: heirs apparent.

Blumberg, 26, and Seibert, 23. They've won the U.S. title for the past three years, and at the 1983 nationals they knocked down five perfect 6.0s in the free dance. Like Torvill and Dean, they've been steadily advancing: from seventh at the 1980 Games at Lake Placid to fourth in the 1981 and '82 world championships to their step up at Helsinki. Now they have a good shot at a silver in Sarajevo.

This is partly because the Soviets, arsy and ballistic to a fault, haven't kept pace with the new wave of faster, more intricate dancing that's rolling through the sport. Blumberg and Seibert, she of Tarzane, Calif., he of Washington, Pa., have been taking that jazzier approach for the past couple of years. They've based an entire freestyle number on Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers' *Top Hat*, *White Tie and Tails* and *They Can't Take That Away from Me*. Says Blumberg, "Our Fred-and-Ginger routine is a strongly American number, maybe too much for certain meets in Europe, but we risk that. We're Americans, and we want everybody to know it." —B.O.

Last Sunday, Oct. 30, Joe Delaney's team, the Kansas City Chiefs, played the Denver Broncos. And in Shreveport, down the road from Haughton, where Joe was reared, the Louisiana State Fair was in its last day. The signs said: IT'S YOUR FAIR—SO BE THERE, and for sure a goodly number of folks came out.

Had he lived, Delaney last Sunday would have celebrated his 25th birthday while playing against the Broncos. But on June 29, 1983 he died, a gentleman and a hero, in Monroe, at Chenault Park, around two in the afternoon.

There was a huge hole there, carved out of the earth some time ago. The hole had filled with water, and three boys waded in. They didn't know it, but a short way out the bottom dropped off

blue Cougar and had departed when he'd died.

JoAnn was Joe's twin.

When they were born in Henderson, Texas on Oct. 30, 1958, JoAnn's birth was uneventful, but Joe turned blue and almost died. He had some kind of bubble over his face, his mother, Eunice, says, which made it hard for him to start breathing. The midwife was familiar with this problem. She called it a "veil," and when the crisis had passed and the baby had filled his lungs with air, she told Eunice, "Any child born with the veil will die of drowning."



Sometimes The Good Die Young

The Chiefs' Joe Delaney would have been 25 last week had he not given up his life attempting to save two drowning boys **by FRANK DEFORD**

precipitously, and suddenly the boys were in over their heads and thrashing and screaming. There were all sorts of people around, but only Joe dashed to the pond. There was a little boy there. "Can you swim?" he asked Joe.

"I can't swim good," Joe said, "but I've got to save those kids. If I don't come up, get somebody." And he rushed into the water.

One boy fought his way back to the shallow part. The other two didn't. Neither did Joe Delaney, 24. He was hauled out a few minutes later, dead. He gave his own life trying to save three others.

God rest his soul.

Shortly thereafter, back in Haughton, JoAnn Delaney woke up from a nap. She'd had a terrible pain come over her, so she had lain down; but now, miraculously, she felt whole again. Later she found out the pain had come as Joe had approached Chenault Park in his baby

Lucille, one of Joe's five sisters—he had two brothers—says, "We were mighty glad when he learned to swim." But he was never more than a rudimentary swimmer; he was scared of water any deeper than his waist. It was amazing that he would rush in after those boys.

Let us now go down the road and around the bend from Joe's house on West Madison Street in Haughton to the Galilee Baptist Church, . . . to listen to the people eulogize him. The words are all real, but you're going to have to imagine the scene, because when Joe died there were so many people, from far and wide, who wanted to honor him that his parish church, the Galilee, couldn't be used for the services. They had to be held in the largest building in town, the high school

Joe introduced Carolyn as a home girl in K.C., where he won the '82 Mackey Award.





gym—HOME OF THE BUCCANNERS it says on one wall, over an American flag. Joe rested there in an open casket before the services.

It was July 4, Independence Day, brutally hot, and a number of mourners passed out. Many Chiefs and other NFL players came, but the local people watched Norma Hunt especially closely. She's the wife of Lamar Hunt, the owner of the Chiefs, and if the home folks were impressed that this millionaire had come to pay his respects to Joe Alton Delaney, they were moved that his wife had come.

But for the purpose of the retelling, we're not in the Hades-hot gym. Instead it's a soft Louisiana autumn night—midweek, no football games—and we're assembled at the Galilee to hear the encomiums for the late Joe Delaney.

Galilee was originally used by both races, the whites letting their slaves worship there on Sabbath afternoons. Since 1863, after Vicksburg fell and that part of the Confederacy began to crumble, the blacks have had Galilee to themselves. These days the church is located in a neat, solid red-brick chapel, and Joe spent his Sunday mornings there during the off-season. He was an usher. His spot was in the back, just to the left as you come in. A little sign there says USHER, and Joe's folded chair is still in place, leaning against the wall. Look hard; you might see him there as his friends began to enter.

Outside, a harvest moon ducks out from behind the clouds. Inside, the Rev. W.B. James is presiding. He's a trim little man who has known the Delaneys for years. Back in the Depression he walked to the Slap Chapel school for the colored with Joe's late father, Woodrow, and Woodrow's twin—Joe had twins on both sides of his family. More than 40 years later, two of the Rev. James's sons played with Joe on the football team at what's called Northwestern Louisiana, down in Natchitoches, which is pronounced NAK-a-tish.

Now the Rev. James stands in his pulpit and bids the people talk about Joe. Scour the area and Kansas City, too, and you'll never hear a bad word about Joe Delaney. He was a hero at the last instant, but he'd been a good man all the time leading up to it.

Mary Levy, who was Joe's coach in
continued

both his years at Kansas City, speaks first. Levy had no idea how talented Delaney was when the Chiefs drafted him in the second round in '81. Joe was penciled in as a "situation back," but in 1981 he gained 1,121 yards, started in the Pro Bowl and was AFC Rookie of the Year. Levy says, "Joe was a person who was genuine and honest right to the core of his being."

He sits down, and near him A.L. Williams, who coached Joe at Northwestern Louisiana, gets up. The football people are over on one side, more or less, and the home folks are on the other, with the family up front, all save Uncle Frankie Joe, Eunice's baby brother, for whom Joe was named. Of all his nephews, Uncle Frankie Joe was especially close to Joe. The two of them and Lucille would often sing together. But Uncle Frankie Joe wouldn't go to the funeral services, hasn't visited Joe's grave yet and, when Eunice gave him first crack at Joe's belongings, he wouldn't take a thing. So he wouldn't be here at the Gullitee on this night, either.

Coach Williams speaks now. He says: "The first year Joe was up in Kansas City, Les Miller, the Chiefs' director of player personnel, called me on the

phone. He said, 'I want to talk to you about one of your players.' I thought something was wrong. But then he said, 'I just wanted to tell you that Joe Delaney is the finest young man and the hardest worker we've ever had here.'

"You know when Joe came to Northwestern he was a wide receiver. The night I signed him, we went and sat on the fender of my car, and I promised him he could play there because he thought his best chance to make the pros was at that position. But we had a few injuries to running backs early in his freshman year, and Joe came to me and said if we needed a running back he'd switch and play there."

"People ask me, 'How could Joe have gone in that water the way he did?' And I answer, 'Why, he never gave it a second thought, because helping people was a conditioned reflex to Joe Delaney.'"

Bobby Ray McHaffey, who coached Joe at Haughton High, stands up next. Coach McHaffey says he has had a number of better athletes down through the years, but Joe worked a whole lot harder than the other boys. Coach McHaffey finishes up: "You missed something" when you didn't know that young 'un—a fine American man."

That's it for the coaches. The next person to speak is Harold Harlan, principal of Haughton High. He says, "Joe was one of those who assumed responsibility. He was one of those who had goals. He was one of those you could always count on." He pauses then and scans the crowded church. "Joe Delaney was a cut above."

Carolyn Delaney, Joe's widow, sits in the front row, nodding. She brought their three girls to the church in the baby blue Cougar. There is Tamika, who's seven, Crystal, four, and JoJo (for Journal), who wasn't even four months old when her daddy died. They all look up as Alma Jean rises. She's Joe's oldest sister, and she has been selected to read aloud the proclamation from President Reagan that Vice President Bush had personally delivered to the family back in July.

It finishes by saying, "By this supreme example of courage and compassion, this brilliantly gifted young man left a spiritual legacy for his fellow Americans, in recognition of which Joe Delaney is hereby awarded the Presidential Citizens Award."

A lot of people—even many of the football people—are crying now. Crystal wants to leave. Her father spoiled her something awful, and she can't bear to stay in any room when people talk about him. But Lucille is going to be the final speaker. She has brought her guitar, just to strum a couple of notes on, and then in the hush she reads Mr. Joe D., the poem that she wrote about her brother two weeks after he died:

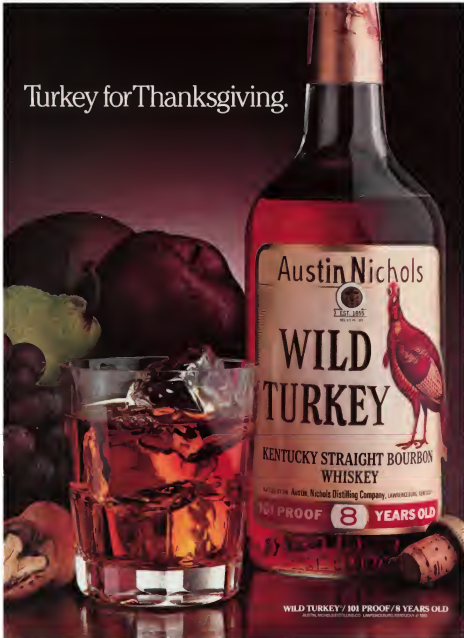
*My brother Joe was a small man
in size,
but you'd have to know him to
understand
and realize just how big a heart
he had.
He would always help others,
whether good or bad.
Some people said he couldn't,
but Joe said,
'I can! I can!'
Oh, how grand, and he did . . .
Joe earned the right to have capital
MR. in front of his name.
But because of his love and not just
his fame . . .*

There are more tears, and it's now time to conclude the service. The Rev. James says, "I don't know anybody who had a spot on their heart about Joe. People ask me, 'Reverend James, why would God

continued

Carolyn will safeguard Joe's Cougar for daughters Tamika (left), JoJo and Crystal.

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take him away?" and I say, 'God wants something good, too. Amen.'"

From the earliest, Eunice says, "He told me he was goin' to make the pros and make me happy." Joe didn't get any encouragement at home, though. Eunice and Woodrow, a hardworking truck driver till the day he died in 1977, thought football was stuff and nonsense. That may be why there haven't been any other athletes in the family. But then, Joe was also the only one ever to make college.

Joe was born four years after the Supreme Court outlawed segregation in the schools, but he was nine years old before

fine cut smock through town, but that doesn't mean the white folks are all here and the black ones over yonder. Instead, there is a crazy quilt pattern. The Galilee Baptist Church, for example, is in a white enclave. "We have some worldly peoples around here," the Rev. James says. Still, Baptists and fishermen predominate—both creatures of abiding faith.

Joe was a fisherman, was he? "Called himself one," Eunice says, chortling.

She's in her house, the old sagging place where Joe grew up, where eight people live now, where Joe's trophies are all over and the television set is on all the

Carolyn and the girls. Carolyn had lived in an old house on that plot. She was the girl down the street all the time Joe was growing up. The new house isn't large, but it's trim and immaculate, with plastic covers on the chairs, Joe's trophies all over and the television set on all the time. "Joe wanted to build here," Carolyn says. "We wanted to feel in place." In Kansas City, he always introduced Carolyn as a home girl, but he was a home boy, too.

If Joe had lived, there would have been a star's contract, lots more money, and then he could have moved his family into a subdivision. In that neck of the woods in Louisiana, and in a lot of places in the U.S., subdivision has come to mean what uptown once did. There may be all sorts of neighborhoods, but there are no bad subdivisions. You can be sure of one thing, though. No matter how much money Joe might have made, and no matter where he might have gone to live, his '81 baby blue Cougar would always have been parked outside.

Joe spent a lot of time over at his mother's house. Carolyn has to devote a great deal of time to her own mother, who is blind. She says she really isn't a home girl; foremost she's a family girl. She lost her father in March and her grandfather in June, just two weeks before Joe died. "Joe, all I got now is you," she had said then.

"You'll always have me," he had replied.

In the mornings, Joe would bring JoJo over to Muh's, sometimes not much past six o'clock. Then he would rust everybody, get the music going. He was almost never still. "Sit down and rest awhile, Honey," Eunice would say.

On Independence Day Joe was lowered into the earth at Hawkins Cemetery. There was a two-mile-long procession of cars from the gym to the burial ground and then a long walk down a dirt road under the worst of a July midday sun. People can remember a little black girl running after Norma Hunt and asking

continued

this message, with deliberate speed, came to Louisiana. School integration there was called "the crossover," a term borrowed from the music business, and there isn't anybody around Haughton who doesn't profess that athletics helped ease the transition. As a star black player who was as impeccable of character as he was celebrated, Joe had an impact on his community.

In Haughton, everybody knew Joe D. The tracks of the Illinois Central Gulf

time. This afternoon she's caring for Joe's children. After he signed his first contract Joe made his mother stop working as a cleaning lady, and he was going to get her a better place to live.

"Muh," he said. He called her Muh. "Muh, I'm going to buy you a house in Kansas City."

"No you ain't," she said. She didn't want to leave Haughton and her family.

What Joe did instead was build a house down the street for himself and

Muh and Uncle Frankie Joe flank Joe's five sisters, here with their children outside of Muh's house.





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Joe's folded chair still sits in the back of the Galilee church, where he ushered.

JOE DELANEY continued

her about the pretty bracelet she had on.

Joe, like Uncle Frankie Joe, hated that cemetery, and far as anybody knew, he'd never been back there since his father's burial in '77. Hawkins Cemetery isn't like the white people's graveyard down in Haughton proper, which is all green and manicured. It's up in Belleview and really no more than a clearing back in the

woods, where the sandy earth is still piled up from graves dug years ago. It's so far out of the way that there isn't much use putting flowers on the graves; they get stolen and given to girl friends.

Joe is amid ancient company there. Only three down from him is a great-great uncle, Moses Kennon, born in 1848, 15 years before emancipation. On a lot of the stones it says *GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN* or *OVER IN THE GLORYLAND*

or just plain *AMEN*. *Rest awhile, Honey.*

"The sky was the limit for him," Coach Williams said the other day. "We never got to see what Joe D. would be."

After Joe signed his contract with the Chiefs, Joe Ferguson, the Buffalo quarterback, who was raised in Shreveport and knew Joe D., showed Joe how to write checks. How would Joe D. know about things like that? The first big purchase he made then was a car. He was very careful about it because he didn't want to be ostentatious and spend too much of his money on one item when there was so much the family needed.

Finally, Joe came to Coach Williams and told him he'd thought about it and had settled on a Cougar. What did Coach think of that? Well, Coach Williams thought that was a fine choice, and so straightaway he picked up the phone and called Harry Friedman, the Lincoln-Mercury dealer in Natchitoches. Friedman told Coach Williams he was delighted that Joe had selected a Cougar and he would make sure to give Joe the best possible deal because everyone loved Joe D. and he had meant a great deal to Northwestern and Natchitoches.

Truth to tell, Joe did splurge a little. He sprung for just about every option available on the '81 Cougar. When he brought the car home, he told Carolyn that he would never get rid of it, no matter how good he became or how much he made or where he lived, because it was the first fine thing he had ever been able to buy in his life. He was going to keep it and tend to it and give it to his girls many years from now, when they were old enough to drive.

Since Joe didn't live to see that far-away day, Carolyn says she will honor his intention. The baby blue Cougar is parked outside the house now, in the driveway. It has two stickers on the back, one for the NFL Players Association, the other for the Chiefs.

Crystal is playing on the front lawn by the car. Jodo is napping. Tamika is still at school. Carolyn comes out and calls for Crystal to come in, and she does, because the grown-ups inside are through talking about her daddy, a man who died a hero one hot summer's day and, before that, had never put a spot on a human heart.

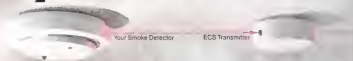
Happy birthday, Joe D.

END



Joe is in ancient and familial company in the sandy earth of the Hawkins Cemetery.

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When you have more to say
than just smile.

by N. Brooks Clark

Jimmy Witkowski, 52, a floor-layer in Massapequa, N.Y., likes to talk about his nephew, John, who plays quarterback for Columbia. "He was a shy kid," says Jimmy. "He still is with me, because he never knows what I'm going to say next. I call him dirt bag and everything else to keep his head from swelling."

"He was featured in the *Daily News* the other day. I was showing everybody on the job, and nobody seemed to care but me. That's the way it works, I guess. But when he's in the pros next year and the free tickets come around, they aren't getting any."

Jimmy's co-workers should not be judged too harshly for yawning. After all, the headline on that New York newspaper article was LIONS WITKOWSKI ALMOST UNNOTICED. The story went on to say that Witkowski, a 6'2", 200-pound senior from the Long Island village of Lindenhurst, for the past season and a half has, against all odds, been throwing for more than 300 yards a game and generally been playing his position on a par with anybody east of BYU's Steve Young. NFL scouts project Witkowski as a second-to-sixth-round pick in the '84 draft, and among Division I quarterbacks only Young and Ken Hubert of Idaho have produced more yards of total offense this fall. But because Witkowski performs for

Columbia, which despite playing in the weak Ivy League has had but one winning season since 1962 and no more than a single victory in any of its last four years, such achievements have drawn little attention.

While the Lions stumbled to a 1-9 record in 1982, Witkowski completed 250 of 453 passes (55%) for 3,050 yards and 29 TDs. In one game, a 56-41 loss to Dartmouth, he connected on 39 of 64 throws for 466 yards and five TDs. His stats for the fourth quarter alone were 16 of 28 for 209 yards and three scores. And lest there be any thought that Columbia had a ground game capable of keeping the Big Green off-balance, note that the Lions' top rusher that day went 38 yards. That runner was Witkowski.

This season the frustrations have kept coming. In Columbia's opener, a 43-14 loss to Harvard, Witkowski passed for 368 yards. Against Lafayette, he rallied Columbia from a 21-10 deficit to a 29-28 lead with 6:14 to play, only to see the



Witkowski's passing for 324 yards a game.

A winner who keeps losing

Columbia's quarterback, John Witkowski, is as good as his team is bad

Leopards score with 71 seconds left. At Princeton, the Lions led 20-7 at the half, and Witkowski was on his way to com-

pleting 29 of 54 passes for 376 yards, but the Tigers nonetheless triumphed 35-26. Then came a 21-18 victory over Yale, in which Witkowski was 20 for 27. Two weeks ago he threw for 423 yards and three touchdowns against Bucknell, but Columbia had to settle for a 31-31 tie. Last Saturday, the Lions returned to form. Undefeated Holy Cross, the nation's second-ranked Division I-AA team, routed the Lions 77-28 as Witkowski hit 26 of 54 passes for 316 yards.

Columbia isn't an easy place to play football. To practice, the team has to take a 100-block bus ride through Harlem to the school's fields on the northern tip of Manhattan. If a player misses the last bus because, say, he has to attend an afternoon biology lab, he takes the subway, the Broadway local. To the predictable question, "Have there been any nuggings?" Coach Bob Naso says, "I won't comment on that. But we've had some scuffles. You live in New York, that's go-

continued



Though he has received little recognition, Witkowski will get a call from the pros.



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ing to happen. Hell, that's the biggest advantage we have. We offer a student the chance to live life the way it is."

Part of the way life is for the Lions this season is being a team without a home. In recent years 32,000-seat Baker Field, the nation's oldest wooden stadium, had become so dilapidated that it could safely hold only 12,000 fans. No crowd anywhere near that size had showed up for years, but it was costing the school \$100,000 a year to keep the stadium usable. So \$7 million was raised, the wooden bleachers were torn down and a new stadium—made out of concrete—is rising from the splinters. With the construction now in progress, the Lions have had to be a road team. Of their seven games, five have been on opponents' fields, one at Giants Stadium in New Jersey and one at Hofstra University on Long Island.

NFL bird dogs have no trouble finding where Columbia plays. "Witkowski's got all the measurables," says Tony Razzano, director of college scouting for the 49ers. Says Dick Steinberg, director of player development for the Patriots, "Quarterback is one position where we never worry about the level of competition, because if he can throw he can throw, and if he can handle the pressure, that's the same, too. People try to stop him, and he still produces."

"When you watch him play, you feel sorry for him," says Ray Walsh Jr., director of research and development for the Giants. "He plays with no blocking, and he has to throw off his back foot because he never has a pocket so he can get set. He's the McCoy, though. He has the arm—and the guts."

To have persevered as he has, Witkowski has needed the courage of David and the patience of Job. He apparently had to develop both traits at an early age. He started playing quarterback at seven, and his father, Thomas, an executive with a textile firm in Manhattan, has missed no more than a handful of his games since then. "My brother used to get on John like hell in those games," says Jimmy, Thomas' twin. "You don't make errors with Tommy, whether it's in stickball or pickup basketball, or marbles. My brother always had to be the best, and you couldn't sit with him during



Thomas gave John an earful after the tie with Bucknell.

John's games. He has a long memory, too, and he'd tell the kid, 'That guy was open,' or 'You missed that block.' I know they had a rough couple of years when he began at Columbia. Learning to lose with his old man isn't easy."

"He was a marine," says John of his father, who was a corporal during the Korean war. "That's the best way to describe him. He's not that bad. He just wants to make sure everything goes right. In a firm way. Firm but nice."

In the tie with Bucknell, Witkowski made two crucial errors: fumbling on the Bison one-yard line to forestall what looked like a sure TD and unnecessarily calling the Lions' last time-out with 33 seconds to play. He did move Columbia to the Bucknell 19 for the potential winning field goal in the final seconds, but the rushed kick sailed wide. Outside the dressing room Witkowski met his parents. Thomas, though not quite the Patton described by Jimmy, didn't take long to bring up the gaffes. "This guy," he began, pointing at his son. "I'm not even going to get into... Why'd you call a time-out?"

"I didn't know what play to call," said John. "I didn't want to screw up. What was I supposed to do?"

"Call whatever you want to call. Throw it out of bounds. You know you're going to move it downfield. What happened on the fumble?"

"I don't know. It happened."

"I'll say it happened," said Thomas, his expression somewhat closer to Robert Young's than the Great Santini's, but his tone still demanding.

After giving the pros a shot, Witkowski, who has a B average in economics, hopes to work as a stockbroker or in-

continued



Appropriately, Columbia's band gives performances that are as slapdash as its team's.

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

vestment banker on Wall Street. Last summer he interned at Salomon Brothers, the New York City investment banking house, helping to expedite underwritings of corporate issues, which translates into a lot of figuring. "He was excellent," says Wayne Gabari, vice-president and manager of Salomon's syndicate control department. "I'd be more than happy to have him come back here, I don't know how smart he is on the field, but he was plenty smart in here."

Winkowski will have to wait until he's a pro before a lot of people know just how smart he is on the field.

THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

SOUTHWEST "They were so close to the goal line you could barely place a half-burnt cigarette between the nose of the ball and the end zone," said SMU Defensive Tackle Micke Wilks after the Mustangs had held Texas A&M on three successive plays inside the one yard line in the fourth quarter to preserve a 10-7 victory. Twice Aggie Tailback Jimmie Hawkins tried to go up and over the line, and both times SMU stopped him six inches short. After a time-out, Quarterback Kevin Murray failed on a sneak. "It was just a matter of who wanted it more," said Mustang Defensive Tackle Doug Hollie.

"We talked all week about the danger of being flat today," said Texas Quarterback Todd Dodge. "Maybe we talked too much and somehow let it happen." After facing Oklahoma, Arkansas and SMU on the road, the Longhorns came home and found themselves trailing 30-point underdog Texas Tech 3-0 at halftime. Dodge, who came off the bench to relieve starter Rob Moerschell with two minutes left in the second quarter, engineered a 72-yard touchdown drive in the third quarter and bootlegged 12 yards in the fourth quarter for another score to lead the Longhorns to a 20-3 triumph.

MIDWEST The high point of Ohio State's 45-27 victory over Wisconsin was the Buckeye band's scrumptious rendition of Ohio, which traditionally accompanies with a tuba player dotting the "h." This time, though, former Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes, who was being saluted in the halftime festivities, did the honors. Quipped Hayes, "Did you hear about the Ohio State tuba player who quit school because he wasn't getting enough work? He transferred to Mississippi."

Even Heisman Trophy candidates make mistakes. On the opening kickoff of Nebraska's 51-25 romp over Kansas State, the Huskers' star runner, Mike Rozier, caught the ball in the end zone, ran it out to the two-yard line and was waved back by a seammie. Uncertain about what to do, Rozier returned to the end zone and knelt on one knee, giving K-State a safety. "I wasn't sure about the rule," said Rozier, who ran for 227 yards and three touchdowns, "but I am now."

As the clock wound down on Iowa's 49-3 rout of Indiana, Hoosier Coach Sam Wyche had his players kneel on the sidelines and stare at the scoreboard. After the final gun he marched them onto the field, telling them to remember the scene. "Nobody is going to kick sand on Indiana anymore," he said. "I won't forget this one." What Iowa did was showcase backup quarterbacks Tom Gronan and Cornelius Robertson at the Hoosiers' expense. They were being scooped by the pros, said Coach Hayden Fry. "I wanted them to have some good film clips." He added that if he'd truly wanted to run up the score, he could have left his first offensive unit in the game. Gronan completed six of eight passes for 117 yards, and Robertson hit three of six for 59. Both threw TD passes.

EAST Putt and Syracuse were dead-knotted 10-10 when he trotted onto the field to attempt the winning field goal with 11 seconds remaining to play. Some of his teammates didn't even know his name. Moreover, not until he was lining up for the boot did his holder, Quarterback John Conger, realize that he was left-footed. But Pat Vancourt kept his cool. The Panthers' regular kicker had been injured in the first half, and his backup had missed from 25 and 29 yards. So Pitt Assistant Coach Andy Urbanc suggested to his boss, Foge Furrer, that they call on Vancourt, a freshman walk-on who wasn't even listed on the Panthers' roster. Vancourt converted the kick from 43 yards to win the game 13-10. "Of course I was nervous," said Vancourt. "It's only natural." Said Panther Cornerback Troy Hill, "Our guy, No. 2—uh, Pat, what's his name—he came in and did the job."

Boston College stuck to two major plans in its 27-17 victory over Penn State. On defense the Eagles blazed on nearly every play. "We got burned badly once on a 42-yard touchdown run by freshman D.J. Dozier," said BC Coach Jack Bucknell, "but we thought this would help us stay loose." On offense the Eagles used Tailback Troy Stadford as a decoy on pass routes to clear out acreage for Split End Brian Brennan. The strategy worked perfectly as Brennan ended up with 12 catches for 172 yards—and one assist. That came on a 25-yard pass from Quarterback Doug Flutie that skipped off Brennan's hands eight yards downfield to Stadford, who scampered 42 yards down the left sideline for the Eagles' continued

second TD. "Troy and I were rehearsing that thing all week," said Brennan. Flutie finished the afternoon with 24 completions in 43 attempts for 380 yards to lead Boston College to its first win over Penn State.

"I was between total glee and total ecstasy ... and no, I can't spell ecstasy," said Holy Cross Tailback Giff Fennelly after the Crusaders' 77-28 defeat of Columbia. A sophomore transfer from LSU, Fennelly had TD runs of 55, 22, 11, 11, 62 and 68 yards. He wound up with 337 yards on 18 carries as Holy Cross ran its record to 8-0.

In two showdowns between undefeated teams in Division III, Carnegie-Mellon, ranked second nationally going into the game, defeated No. 4 Case Western Reserve 15-10, and Hofstra, ranked third, won 28-24 over St. John's (N.Y.), which had been tied with Case for fourth. The 8-0 Tartans hope to replace 7-0 Augustana (Ill.), a 56-7 winner over Oliver Nazarene last week, as the division's No. 1 team. Said Carnegie Tackle Ross Jaconelli, a humanities major, "All week long we've been saying that two minus four equals one." In the Hofstra-St. John's game, the deciding blow was a 70-yard pass play from Flying Dutchman Quarterback Rich Codella to Tight End Steve Mady with 2:14 remaining.

WEST With his team trailing New Mexico 24-17, Colorado State Quarterback Terry Nugent had 40 seconds and no time-outs to go 80 yards. Four straight sideline passes put the Rams on the Lobo 37-yard line, and a Hail Mary tip-play got them to the one. With one second remaining and the clock stopped only so the chains could be moved, Nugent didn't have time to call



Neuhesel hit a record 25 of 27 passes.

SI TOP 20		
1. NEBRASKA (9-0)	1*	
2. TEXAS (7-0)	2	
3. GEORGIA (7-0-1)	3	
4. AUBURN (7-1)	7	
5. MIAMI (8-1)	8	
6. MARYLAND (7-1)	10	
7. ILLINOIS (7-1)	11	
8. BOSTON COLL. (6-1)	13	
9. N. CAROLINA (7-1)	3	
10. BYU (7-1)	14	
11. FLORIDA (6-1-1)	4	
12. SMU (6-1)	15	
13. CLEMSON (6-1-1)	16	
14. MICHIGAN (6-2)	5	
15. WEST VIRGINIA (6-2)	9	
16. IOWA (6-2)	17	
17. OHIO STATE (6-2)	18	
18. TENNESSEE (6-2)	19	
19. OKLAHOMA (6-2)	20	
20. SOUTHERN ILL. (9-0)	—	
*Last week		

proper signals at the line. Instead he shouted to everyone, including the Lobo defenders. "Quarterback sneak, first sound!" Nugent balled over for a touchdown and then passed for a two-point conversion to give the Rams a 25-24 victory. "All they had to do was stack everybody in the middle and they'd have stopped us," said Nugent.

In UCLA's 27-24 defeat of Washington, Bruin Quarterback Rick Neuheisel hit 25 of 27 passes for 287 yards to set an NCAA single-game completion percentage record (minimum of 20 completions). His mark of 92.59% surpassed the previous record of 87.2% (34 of 39) set by Dick Norman of Stanford in 1959. Eight of Neuheisel's passes went to 6' 1½" sophomore Split End Mike Sherard, who, like Neuheisel, was a walk-on. "Actually," says Bruin Offensive Coordinator Homer Smith, "Sherard was a stroll-on. He strolled onto campus with a girl on each arm. The kid was skin and bones [he's now 186 pounds], he had girls hanging all over him, and he told us he thought he could play football for UCLA." The Huskies were threatening until Bruin Free Safety Don Rogers intercepted a Steve Pelluer pass at the UCLA five-yard line with less than a minute to go.

Don't ask Quarterback Bob Davis of Florida State to do any contact-lens ads. Davis, who can't distinguish jersey numbers without his knees, was pressed into action against Arizona State when starter Kelly Lowrey suffered a sprained left knee with 10 minutes to play and the Seminoles trailing 19-14. Davis had lost a lens before the game, so he played with just one. He nonetheless directed the Seminoles to two touchdowns, the second on

a 10-play drive in the last minute and a half that beat the Sun Devils 29-26.

Brigham Young Quarterback Steve Young scrambled one yard for a touchdown with 11 seconds remaining to beat Utah State 38-34, but the victory was costly. Gordon Hudson, who has caught more passes (178) than any tight end in NCAA history, sustained torn ligaments in his left knee and may be sidelined for the rest of the season.

Southern Illinois beat New Mexico State 41-3 by picking off eight Aggie passes. "I watched all the films," said Saluki Coach Rey Dempsey, "and no one has dominated them like that." Northern Arizona upset Nevada-Reno 41-38 with the help of a remarkable performance by Defensive Tackle James Gee. Gee made 17 tackles, five of them behind the line, forced a fumble and blocked a field-goal attempt. A teammate returned the blocked ball 86 yards for a touchdown.

SOUTH Duke won its first game of the season by beating Georgia Tech 32-26 in Durham, N.C., and the Blue Devil fans made the most of a rare opportunity. They snapped one of the goalposts off at the base, handed it 46 rows up through Wallace Wade Stadium and then carried it onto campus. Said Blue Devil Quarterback Ben Bennett, who completed 27 of 33 passes for 255 yards, "Hooray for my team!"

In two impressive defensive performances, North Carolina State Strong Safety John McRorie had three interceptions and a fumble recovery in the Wolfpack's 31-17 win over South Carolina, and Murray State Cornerback James (Squeaky) Yarbrough led the

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Terry Nugent, who completed 29 of 41 passes, drove the Rams 80 yards in the final 40 seconds and then passed for the winning two points in Colorado State's 25-24 victory over New Mexico.

DEFENSE: In a 23-10 upset of Eastern Kentucky, Murray State's James Yarbrough blocked one punt, returned another for a TD and intercepted two passes, one of which he returned for a touchdown.

Racers to a 23-10 upset of defending Division I-AA champion Eastern Kentucky. In the first quarter Yarbrough picked up a blocked punt and ran 21 yards for a touchdown. In the third quarter he returned a punt he blocked 27 yards to set up another TD. He also made two interceptions, one of which he returned 41 yards for the Racers' final score.

Willie Totten of Mississippi Valley State threw for 477 yards in a 54-12 rout of Prairie View. Wide Receiver Jerry Rice, who leads the nation in receptions with 87, caught 12 of Totten's passes.

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WHEN IT COMES TO 4-WHEEL DRIVE...ONE WORD SAYS IT ALL.



Belozertchev, 16, has launched the sport into orbit.



The next stop: Outer Space

China won the title, the U.S.S.R. had the star



Flair: Belozertchev has it, both on and off the bars.

In the Budapest Sports Hall last week, the world's top gymnasts were making goulash of the sport's standards, and the U.S.S.R.'s 16-year-old Dmitri Belozertchev was the one doing the best cooking. Watch him twirling around the high bar in a one-arm giant swing. How much can human bone and sinew take? Does one-arm refer to the circles or to what the gymnast has left after he finishes this maneuver? These were the biennial world championships, but what price glory? At the top of one circle, Belozertchev just let go of the bar. He hung there for a second, a Sputnik of the '80s, and then he grabbed the bar, twirled around and let go again. What finally brought him back to earth was a double-twisting, double-reverse somersault. If that seems like a risky way to conclude a dizzying trip, then hang around for another 60 seconds for Belozertchev's last routine of the day, his floor exercise.

Take a deep breath and clean your glasses. Belozertchev did "somis," or somersaults; he did sideward somis, twisting somis and double somis with his body straight. From a sitting position, he whirled his legs and hips in wide, swift circles, only his palms touching the floor. He'd lift one palm and then the other to let his lower body sweep through another revolution. What was he using for stomach muscles, steel plates? When he swung into the sport's toughest handstand, arms way apart, his legs scissored wildly, high above. Seconds later, after two backward

lozertchev's last routine of the day, his floor exercise.

lozertchev's last routine of the day, his floor exercise.

midair somis left him standing, triumphant, every one of the four judges flashed out a perfect 10, making the 145-pound, 5' 6" Belozertchev the youngest male all-around world champion in gymnastics history.

His sport was a winner, too, albeit a problem-laden one. Three hundred and ninety-nine men and women from 41 countries had received an average score of 9.5 per exercise, the highest ever for a world championship. Twenty-two 10s had been given out, with the individual apparatus and women's all-around finals still to come. Frank Edmonds of England, vice-president of the Fédération Internationale de Gymnastique, was asked, "Has the 10 been devalued?"

"The top gymnasts are doing movements of such originality, risk and perfection that they can't help but score 10s," he said. "The FIG will have to review the situation."

It had better get moving, especially with the Olympics coming up next summer. Belozertchev has no intention of resting on his laurels. At a press conference, someone wondered, "How can you improve? You seem nearly perfect." He responded, through his interpreter, "The complexity, difficulty and execution of the exercise can be increased."

"Do you remember when you first became interested in gymnastics?" he was asked. "On the 20th of November 1973," he replied. "It was my first day to the gymnasium, and I was not accepted, but I improved my knowledge and techniques and I became a gymnast." And how. But that was as much personal information as he was willing, or able, to reveal. One reporter, apparently hoping to get a rise from him, asked, "What do you think about your enemies, the Chinese?"

This was a reference to the finals of the team championship earlier in the week in which Japan finished third and the U.S. fourth. China, which had been out of world team competition for 17 years before 1979, was moving in on its first title. It led the Soviet Union by one-tenth of a point with five of six events completed. China went to the high bar, the Soviets to the floor exercise, and after four men from each team had run through their

by Dan Levin

continued

U.S. Gov't Report

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routines, China was in front by one quarter of a point. Then Yuri Korolev got a 9.85, and Li Ning, all-around winner of last year's World Cup, fell from the bar—an automatic deduction of one-half point. He remounted, came up with a 9.45, and China trailed by .15 of a point. But in team competition, the lowest recorded score is deducted. China had a chance. Belozertchev collected a typically dazzling 9.95, and Bogdan Makouts' 9.75 was expunged from the U.S.S.R. total. The final Soviet score was 591.30, to the Chinese 591.45.

China's destiny was in the hands of Tong Fei, runner-up to Li in the World Cup. He needed a 9.85 for victory; a fall, and China would lose. The next seconds would be the most important of his life, and some of them were spent in beautifully precise one-arm giant circles, followed immediately by a Gienger somersault: Tong let go of the bar, did a back somersault, turned his body 180 degrees and then regrabbled the bar. It's a difficult move to execute under any circumstances, but it was nearly unbelievable that anyone would try it—and execute it so masterfully—coming out of a one-arm giant swing. Tong, a 22-year-old native of Jiangxi Province, got a 9.9. Li's 9.45 was forgotten. Chinese sport had a new hero, and the People's Republic's coach, Gao Jian, was moved to tears.

Tong entered the last day of all-around competition in a tie with Belozertchev, with Li only .15 of a point behind them. But Li, in his second routine, fell from the pommel horse, scored a 9.4 and was out of the running. Then Tong fell from the high bar, and Belozertchev was never challenged again. Of his "enemies, the Chinese," he said, "I was very strong in this competition, and I am sorry two Chinese made major errors. I would have been happy for them to be at their best."

The Soviet coach, Leonard Arkaev, was asked, "Yuri Korolev was the youngest men's world champion ever, at 18. That was two years ago. Now Belozertchev is only 16. How old will the next champion be?"

"Eighteen," Arkaev said, grinning at his prize pupil, Belozertchev.

Is Korolev, who didn't even qualify for the all-around, washed up at 21? And what about his teammate Olga Bitcherova, who had won the '81 worlds at only 14, the youngest woman ever to do so? At Budapest she failed to qualify for the women's all-around. But what happened

there should give heart to all such golden-agers. The Soviet women beat Romania and East Germany for the team title, and their big gun was Natalia Yurchenko, 18. Despite her advancing years, she was obviously in complete possession of all her faculties—going into the last day of women's all-around, she was No. 1, with .15 of a point lead over Romania's Lavinia Agache, no spring chicken either, at 17.

Yurchenko is a strikingly beautiful dark-eyed young woman who seems much larger than her 5' 1" and 99 pounds. It may be because of the way she carries herself, head held high and back, the proud posture of many great female gymnasts. Of course, it may also be because the average height of female gymnasts these days seems to be about 3' 4". Yurchenko has presence, just as Belozertchev has. While she was doing a backward somersault onto the vaulting horse and

most other female gymnasts do, she turned at right angles and began a series of hip circles around it, above and below it, fluid, flowing, lovely to see. She capped her routine with a double reverse somersault. It gained her a 9.9, and after a 10 in her floor exercise, Yurchenko was the new women's champion.

The U.S. women's team, which was not at top strength because of injuries, finished seventh. The durable 23-year-old Kathy Johnson was 11th in the all-around, with Julianne McNamara coming in 16th.

Of the U.S. men, Mitch Gaylord finished eighth in the all-around, followed by hardy perennials Peter Vidmar, ninth, and Bart Conner, 11th. Gaylord's eighth was only one point off the 118.25 second-place score of Koji Gushiken of Japan. "Mitch could have picked up half a point just by improving his landings," said his coach, Art Sherlock. "He's a logical contender for a bronze in L.A."

By the end of Sunday's apparatus competition, 11 more 10s had been added to that earlier total of 22. Three of them were awarded to Belozertchev, in the pommel horse, rings and high bar.

Watching Belozertchev, someone asked: "What can the FIG require to increase the degree of difficulty for a 10? Make the gymnasts fly?"

If they do, Belozertchev will

END



Bottoms up to the top: Women's champ Yurchenko works parallel to the balance beam, too.

racking up a 10, Agache was falling off the beam and coming up with a 9.35. Scratch one threat. As Yurchenko whirled around the uneven bars, fifth-place Maxi Gnauch of East Germany followed Agache off the beam. Scratch another.

The beam seemed jinxed on this day, and now Yurchenko took her turn on it. She did two back handsprings, landing on her feet each time, and then, instead of prancing and pirouetting up and down the beam, as





For the Pacers the big question is: Can black tie be turned into the tie that binds?



by Anthony Cotton

good for the league, but it's mostly good for us. Our guys aren't used to seeing all these people in the stands—at least cheering for us. Usually a big crowd meant people had come out to root for Larry Bird, Moses Malone or Doctor J."

If indeed they came out at all. The Saturday crowd was almost as large as the total attendance at Indiana's first five home games last season. And many of those who came Saturday were celebrating the fact that the city still had a team to cheer for at all.

After the Pacers' miserable showing last year, there were rumors in Indianapolis that the club was either going to move to another city, merge with another troubled franchise such as Cleveland or Utah, or simply disband. Before that could happen, however, Mel and Herb

Putting on the ritz in Indy

The Pacers formally tipped off their renewal with tuxedos—and a loss

During the 1982-83 NBA season, dingy brown curtains encircled the second level of 17,096-seat Market Square Arena in Indianapolis and with good reason: to hide the 6,000 empty seats up there as the Indiana Pacers struggled to a 20-62 record before home

crowds averaging 4,768. The strange thing about this was that the Pacers didn't hide themselves instead of the seats. Even stranger was the fact that last Saturday night the curtains had to be raised as a sellout crowd, many of whom were decked out in black tie, attended the first act of what Indiana's new owners hope will be a long-running hit show.

The Toast of the Town was not only the theme of Indiana's gala opener—complete with valet parking, a champagne reception for season-ticket holders (more than 5,000, quadruple last season's total) and a laser light show—but it also describes what the Pacers hope to become. The Philadelphia 76ers interrupted the clinking of glasses long enough to score a 124-112 overtime win, but that hardly dampened the spirits of those present.

"This was just great," said the Pacers' Jack McKinney, not sounding like a losing coach. "It's good for basketball and

Simon came upon the scene. Co-owners of Melvin Simon & Associates, one of the nation's largest owner/managers of shopping centers, the brothers weren't exactly rushing to invest in the Pacers, but they soon did so as a matter of civic pride.

An enticement for the Simons, who got league approval for the purchase on May 9, was that there was a 50-50 chance Ralph Sampson, the 7'4" Virginia senior, would end up a Pacer. But on May 19, the Houston Rockets, winners of only 14 games in 1982-83, won the coin flip with the Pacers for the first draft pick and chose Sampson. Indiana settled for Missou's 7-foot center, Steve Stipanovich.

The day after the flip, Pacer front-office personnel wore T-shirts bearing the inscription RALPH WHO? and management began treating its team as if it was starting from scratch. Indiana even lowered ticket prices. "It's like we're an expansion franchise," says President Robert Salyers, the former general manager and the man many people credit with holding the franchise together last season.

Stipo, a decided No. 2 to Sampson in the draft, had eight points against the 76ers.



continued

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PRO BASKETBALL continued

when then president Frank Mariani was nickel-and-dimeing it to death.

Something that injected life was the Toast of the Town idea, which sprang from the fertile imagination of Sherry Koerner, the team's special sales and promotions director. After a local formal-wear company offered the team free use of tuxedos at any time, the seed was planted. "Blowing money is just as bad as not having it at all," Koerner says. "But this is a new beginning with new ownership. Sometimes you get an idea and you have to run with it." Fortunately for Koerner, she didn't have to run very far when the Simons saw the bill.

And if the owners are new, the team is, too. Only one of the Pacers, forward George Johnson, has more than three years of NBA experience, and five are rookies—Stipanovich, guards Sidney Lowe and Jim Thomas, forward Leroy Combs and center Granville Waters. Says Koerner, "Supo's been great. If Sampson were here, I'm sure he'd be adorable, too, but maybe people would have thought he was a jerk."

On Saturday, Sampson made an 18-point, 12-rebound debut with the Rockets and Stipanovich got eight points and nine rebounds against Philly. That is about the difference between them.

Fortunately for Stipanovich, he—unlike Sampson—is in a situation in which great expectations aren't focused on him and his team. That was painfully apparent during the season's opener Friday night in Milwaukee, a 104-83 loss in which Stipanovich had five points and five rebounds. But Herb Simon wasn't discouraged. "They just couldn't concentrate because they're too busy thinking about Saturday night," he said.

Against the 76ers, the Pacers jumped out to an 8-1 lead en route to a 29-22 edge at the quarter, a 54-49 margin at halftime and an 87-77 advantage after three quarters. Even when the Sixers came back to take a 106-103 lead with 14 seconds remaining in regulation, Johnson calmly canned a three-pointer to force the game into overtime.

It was at that juncture that the Pacers lived up to Salyers' "expansion team" label, scoring only six points in overtime. The exciting game would no doubt bring many of the fans back. How often they'll return, however, will no doubt depend on whether Indiana can play like a Toast of the Town should.

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Call them unpredictable

Just when it seemed the New York Jets were a bust, they boomed the 49ers

by Paul Zimmerman

In July the New York Jets were one of the NFL's pretty teams, a club with more talent than Central Casting, a sensible choice for a Super Bowl spot. Now, with the second half of the season a week old, the Jets are 4-5 and remain a major enigma. At times they've been ferocious. They've controlled both sides of the line of scrimmage and crushed the life out of good teams, such as the 49ers last Sunday (27-13) and the Bills on Oct. 3 (34-10). But at times they have also looked like sheep. What's the story?

CHAPTER ONE: A HISTORY LESSON

After the Jets' Super Bowl victory in 1969, nothing less than Supe would do. Media, fans, even players got caught up in the hype.

August 1973—The Jets are flying back from an exhibition win in Tampa. They're 2-0. "There's more talent on this team than on our Super Bowl team," veteran Guard Randy Rasmussen said "... you look up and down this plane and there's just so much talent. ... " The Jets finished the season at 4-10.

November 1975—In Baltimore some Jets notice a football magazine with Joe Namath's picture on the cover and a bill-

Gastneau didn't have much to dance about after Montana waltzed away down the field.



Todd tuned in for 201 passing yards on Sunday.

ing that reads JOE NAMATH SAYS WE CAN WIN THE SUPER BOWL. "The players know they can win. Emotionally we're ahead of that Super Bowl season," Joe Willie says inside. That afternoon the Colts win

52-19 to hand New York its sixth loss in an eight-game losing streak. The Jets ended the season at 3-11. Delusion has always been very big at Shea Stadium.

CHAPTER TWO: THE COACH

Five days before the 49ers game, Jets Coach Joe Walton sat in his office and tried to figure out what has happened. "There's a sign with an old Vince Lombardi slogan that I'm hanging up where the players can see it," he says. "It reads 'You've got to pay the price.' " There's already a sign up—THE JET TEAM: SMART, EFFICIENT, DISCIPLINED, ENTHUSIASTIC. The words fly at Walton like arrows. "Look at this," he says, shoving a paper across the desk. It shows that in the first quarters of the Jets' first eight games, they've been outscored 41-14. "When you're playing with enthusiasm, you jump on a team," Walton says. "You beat the hell out of them from the opening whistle. I showed my players these numbers today." He shook his head.

Walton, 47, was an NFL assistant coach for 14 years until he got the top job with the Jets last February.

He coached Richard Todd for two years as the Jets' offensive coordinator. This year Walton, characteristically wearing a baseball cap backward on his head, has screamed at Todd as he came off the field, much in the manner of

continued



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Chuck Noll yelling at the young Terry Bradshaw. Trouble is, Todd's 29 years old and an eight-year veteran.

On Monday, Oct. 17, the day after the Dolphins intercepted Todd five times and beat the Jets 32-14, Walton didn't show his players the films. He told them to relax. They were too tight, he figured. The Jets relaxed and blew a 21-0 lead to Atlanta the next week, losing 27-21.

"I've tried everything," Walton said. "Now I've got to get tougher."

A former NFL coach says of the Jets,



The Jets turned around their game ...

"Hiring a head coach who used to be an assistant with the same team creates problems. The head coach has got to be aloof, but here's a guy who was tight with them. Now he replaces a tough guy like Walt Michaels, who kept them scared, and that little edge of fear is gone. They don't play as hard. Fear, you know, is a great motivator." Maybe the Jets felt a little fear when Walton instituted his get-tough policy before the 49ers game. Who knows? Walton also turned his cap around for the game at San Francisco.

CHAPTER THREE: THE FIELD REPORT

In game No. 1 this season the Jets beat the Chargers 41-29. The victory had an important statistic—San Diego averaged 5.8 yards per rush. "They were hookable," a scout says. "Kellen Winslow was going in motion and hooking the Jets' outside linebacker. He had an alltime blocking day for a tight end. Then everybody started doing it—run a back inside

against them and break him outside." The next week Seattle beat New York on the ground, Curt Warner running for 128 yards. In game No. 3 New England's Tony Collins hit the Jets for 212, and then the Rams' Eric Dickerson ripped up 192. The Jets, 2-2 at that point, got their defensive line to square up and play the run. They played more zone defenses and moved their strong safety up closer to shut down the ground game. Those changes worked. The New York defense played pretty well in the next five games, rising to new heights against the 49ers, the NFC's top offensive team. But the offense has been erratic.

The wide receivers have caught one touchdown in the last five games. Wesley Walker, the long-ball threat, has caught only two passes that were longer than 18 yards, one for 24 against Atlanta and one for 27 against the 49ers. The Jets' lack of a possession receiver has become more and more apparent. When they drafted Lam Jones, a world-class sprinter, they figured he and Walker would form a devastating long-ball combo. It hasn't worked that way. Jones has turned into a one-pattern receiver, the down-and-in from the right side. He's caught 14 passes this season, eight on inside patterns from the right.

One reason the long-ball threat is missing is that Todd no longer has full confidence in his protection. Tackles Chris Ward and Marvin Powell are effective drive blockers, but their pass protection has slipped noticeably.

Also, the Jets suffered a huge loss to their offense when All-Pro Halfback Freeman McNeil separated his shoulder in the fourth game.

CHAPTER FOUR: THE QUARTERBACK

At times Todd has been in tune with his receivers—he had a highly competent game against the 49ers (20 of 28 for 201 yards and a 28-yard TD to Jones)—but sometimes he has been out of touch. In the fourth quarter of the Atlanta game, the Jets could have blamed the Falcons' comeback had they mounted any kind of offense. But Todd went 3 for 14 passing, including zero for his last seven. He looked overmatched. Veteran Todd-watchers say his fundamentals are slipping. "He doesn't set up right," one scout says. "He doesn't get a good read downfield. He's moving all over the place, and half the time he's throwing off his back foot."

"Oh, hell," Todd says. "I looked the same way in my good years, too."

CHAPTER FIVE: SHALL WE DANCE?

Defensive End Mark Gastineau and his sack dances amuse some of his teammates, infuriate the rest. Last year a few of them were upset because he wouldn't run the end-tackle stunts that were called; he didn't want to go inside. "He'd say, 'Leave me alone, I'm doing my own thing,'" one Jet defender recalls. "We've worked all that out," Walton affirms. Gastineau still gets his share of sacks.



... when Walton turned around his cap.

(eight in nine games), but his dancing still gets people mad.

CHAPTER SIX: THE ORGANIZATION

Principal Owner Leon Hess is moving the Jets to New Jersey in '84. This has led to some catchy banners in Shea: MR. CLEAN, SELL THE TEAM, a reference to Hess's gripe about the dirty bathrooms.

Since Weeb Ewbank, the longtime coach and general manager, left in 1974, the Jets haven't been blessed with outstanding football savvy at the executive level. Don't forget, this is the club that lost its two most notable stars, Namath and John Riggins, without getting anything in return.

"From the president's office right down to the personnel staff, one word can be used to describe the Jets organization," says one NFL executive. "Arrogant. Extreme arrogance. They never admit to a mistake."

This year might change all that. **END**



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by William Taaffe

Here's a Double A for effort

"Bay City Blues" paints a vivid—and banal—picture of bush league ball

Bay City Blues, NBC's much-touted new venture into TV vérité, understands the minor leagues so well that it hurts. This show is life on a backwater team, warts and all, brought faithfully to prime-time television. The producers didn't even forget the graffiti on the toilet-stall doors. And did you catch Angelo Carbone, the sleazy but essentially decent Bay City pitching coach? The real bushes are full of Carbone—as well as drunkards, has-beens, dumb guys, good guys, baseball Annies and lonely wives. Such characters are supposed to make Bay City appealing to sports purists and non-fans alike. As the show's co-creator, Steven Bochco, says, "Most of us lead Double A lives."

There's one hitch, though. For the most part, Double A tales are far from riveting. Will Jefferson Terry St. Marie conquer his bed-wetting problem? Will Pitcher Mick Wagner lay off the booze? Will Manager Joe Rohner find love with the banker's wife—or mere sexual satisfaction? Steamy questions, maybe, but not of the kind that compels us to tune in every Tuesday night. Bochco himself recognizes the difference between *Bay City* and his explosive Emmy Award-winning police drama, *Hill Street Blues*: "There's nothing in the concept of *Bay City* that allows us to be as overtly dramatic," he says. "Most minor league players are 18 to 25. The scope of their interests is very narrow."

Give *Bay City* this, however: It's honest to the bone. Bochco and co-creator Jeffrey Lewis got the idea for the program in July 1982 while watching an old-timers' game at Dodger Stadium. How could they capture baseball's appeal and essence in a TV series? By creating the Class AA Bluebirds, a group of phenoms and reclamation projects who, in the saccharine words of Bluebirds owner and used-car salesman Ray Holtz, "don't have squat." The show's triumphs are its believability, its acting, the care with which



The Bluebirds have plenty of problems in their love nests.

it has been cast and the wastefulness of its writing. As Holtz, a moneygrabber but a big softie, says to his manager at one point, "Ah, Joseph, so I dream. So what the hell's life without 'em?"

NBC bought 13 *Bay City* shows without so much as seeing a pilot, a remarkable testimony to its faith in Bochco's talent. Each episode costs close to \$1 million to produce, in large part because of his attention to detail. "They check so much that our phones are ringing off the hook," says Bob Sparks, a spokesman for official baseball's minor leagues.

To tape baseball sequences around the clock, Bochco and his MTM production bosses leased land from the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power and built their own 1,300-seat park—distance to centerfield, 330 feet; down the lines, 285—for \$500,000. Some actors throw like girls and swing like William Bendix did in *The Babe Ruth Story*, so technical director Frank Pace, a former semipro player, put the cast through four

weeks of intensive drills. Of the army of actors considered for the 16-member cast, Pace says, "Three people couldn't cut it on the field for every one that did." In real life, the Bluebirds might now be able to beat a decent high school team. Even the mascot, the Bluebird of Happiness, might be a match for the San Diego Chicken.

Not surprisingly, athletic threads run all through *Bay City*. Ozzie Peoples, the 44-year-old hanger-on, is portrayed by Bernie Casey, an offensive end with the Rams and 49ers in the '60s. Barry Tubbs, the boozing pitcher, was a junior rodeo champion. Thad Mumford, who left the show after writing the achingly sensitive second episode, was a Yankee bat boy in the late '60s. The one non-jock or non-fan seems to be Flashdance star Michael Nouri, who plays the father-confessor figure of Rohner. "He had only a nodding acquaintance with baseball," says Pace. The antidote for such a rube: lengthy bull sessions about life in the minors with hush league graduates Tony LaRussa and Joe Torre. Nouri has modeled his character on Torre.

Rohner also bears a striking resemblance to *Hill Street*'s Captain Frank Furillo. In fact, *Bay City*, which started as badly in the ratings as *Hill Street* did two years ago, frequently imitates Bochco's first success, from the character portraits to the Venetian blinds in the manager's office. Both shows are beautifully done, a class above the drivel so often dished up by the networks in prime time.

But, by definition, *Bay City* will always lack the angst of *Hill Street*. "I just hope the show is recognized in human terms," says Bochco. "It's not a bunch of jocks and their wives. It speaks to all our lives, our dreams, our fantasies." That's just the problem. Double A lives, inside baseball and out, are rarely compelling. **END**





'I Am Still A Pistol'

So says Roberto Duran, who three years after "no más" is challenging Marvin Hagler for his fourth world title **by William Nack**



When he turned his back and surrendered the WBC welterweight title to Ray Leonard in their November 1980 rematch, Duran seemed to be at the end of his career. But now, as he prepares for the fight of his life, he's confident he'll be No. 1 again.

CONTINUED

Roberto Duran

continued

On King was screaming, and Roberto Duran was weeping. During his long and largely disastrous career in the ring, Duran many times had been as plump as the Christmas goose, but through the force of his talent and will he had been able to summon what he needed to produce victory. Now, on Sept. 4, 1982, at age 31, his skills and spirit apparently eroding, the game appeared finally to have caught up with him.

A few minutes earlier, before a crowd of some 5,000 people in Detroit's Cobo Arena, Duran had lost a split decision to one Kirkland Laing, a club fighter from Jamaica. Laing fled a lunging Duran for two rounds, gradually gained control of the fight and steadily beat Duran to the punch as the battle wore on and Duran wore out. It was seemingly the last chapter in the Duran story. Almost eight months earlier, he had lost to WBC junior middleweight champion Wilfred Benitez, and six months before the Laing fight his weight had ballooned to 185 pounds.

"I was weak," he says. "I had to lose too much weight [he fought Laing at 155 pounds]. I was completely dilapidated. I was demoralized. I didn't care about Kirkland Laing."

Oh, after the fight how he wished he'd cared. There he was, with his wife, Felicidad, crying in a corner of his dressing room. And in came King, having stomped out of the arena and toward Duran in a fury of anger. As Duran's regular promoter since 1975, King had made millions on him. After a particularly notable performance, King would grandly whip out a sheaf of \$100 bills, fan them like a deck of cards and hand them to Duran at the press conference as they smiled at the cameras. But those days now seemed as far gone as Duran's once immense talent.

King burst through the door of the dressing room, waving not \$100 bills but a large cigar to punctuate his obscene, vituperative spiel. Someone locked the door behind him, but outside the room his large voice could be heard booming



Duran, who ballooned to 185 pounds 20 months ago, has trained down to a hard 158 for Hagler.

like cannon fire for 10 long minutes.

Between curses and condemnations, King told Duran that he would never again promote a Duran fight, that Duran ought to retire. The game was over, and Duran knew it. After all those years, he was washed up. "I was finished, ruined professionally in boxing," Duran says.

On Thursday night, Nov. 10, in a parking lot at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, Duran again will climb the steps into the ring. In the opposite corner, his bald head shining damply as he faces Duran, will be no less a wolverine than Marvelous Marvin Hagler, the undisputed middleweight champion of the world. With 15,200 fans watching at Caesars, another three to four million viewing at 400 closed-circuit theaters around the country and untold millions more looking on in 50 countries

around the world, including Duran's native Panama, these two men will answer the bell and have at it for 15 rounds, or until one of them can go no longer.

It's not an exaggeration to say that if Duran beats Hagler and wins the undisputed middleweight title, he will culminate the most remarkable comeback in the annals of the sweet science. To be sure, when Duran steps into that ring against Hagler, only 432 days will have passed since his loss to Laing, and a mere 363 days will have passed since he stunk out the Orange Bowl in Miami in a fight against Jimmy Batten.

"A year ago at this time, as an attraction Roberto Duran wasn't worth a plugged quarter," says Bob Arum, who's promoting the Duran-Hagler bout. "Now he's the biggest thing in boxing. He [as well as Hagler] will have a payday

of between \$8 million and \$10 million. If he beats Hagler, he has a chance to be called the greatest fighter of all time. All this has happened in less than a year. It's unbelievable! Boxing as soap opera."

The story of what Duran has been through for the past three years and where he's heading now is considerably more substantial and dramatic than afternoon pap. "Through all this wind and dizziness" is how Duran describes the strange path he has followed, a path along which self-indulgence and a single act of recklessness presented nearly insurmountable obstacles.

Everyone thought the end had come when Laing whapped Duran in Detroit and King discarded him. That was when he very nearly quit his profession of 15 years. He told Felicidad later, "I'm going to retire. Everything is finished. I don't have the same feeling for it that I had before."

Felicidad listened intently and then had her say. "You can't retire," she told him. Then she pricked him with this needle: "If you had any pride you would demonstrate to Panama and the whole world that you are not finished. You have to sacrifice yourself! One year."

The way back had begun.

To come back, Duran first had to recover his pride, which he had lost in New Orleans' Louisiana Superdome on the night of Nov. 25, 1980 when he spun away from Sugar Ray Leonard in the eighth round of their WBC welterweight title fight, threw up his arms and declared, "No más... no peleo más" (No more, I don't box anymore).

It was, for Duran, more than a simple act of surrender; it was one of near self-immolation. For 6½ years, from June

1972 to December 1978, he had been the lightweight champion of the world, acclaimed as one of the best boxers ever and by consensus the fighter of the 1970s. Always quick to strike, a furious puncher and relentless attacker, he also became a superior boxer, technically and tactically. Defensively, he was as elusive as a wisp of smoke. In Montreal on June 20, 1980, he fought perhaps his best fight, bullying and pressuring and banging the previously undefeated Leonard out of his welterweight crown.

Duran had beaten the American, and he was feted nightly in Panama. Bottoms up. He ate, he drank, he partied. In three months his weight climbed from 147 to 185. "After the Leonard fight in Montreal, I lost control of him," says Carlos Eleta, his manager then. "I couldn't help it. There were so many people around him. The fight went to his head." And the fried rice and whiskey to his belly. Jacks Morton, Leonard's trainer, had

heard reports of Duran's excesses, and so Leonard's camp sought a return fight as soon as possible. Eleta, not wanting to gamble on his fighter making a defense against a lesser opponent and maybe losing, said yes.

"I was caught off base," says Duran, who had eight weeks to prepare for his second encounter with Leonard.

Duran's chief trainer, Freddie Brown, worked to melt the weight off him in New Orleans, but it was a daily struggle. Duran's entourage was of a size that would have befitted Montezums, and Eleta says some of the hangers-on slipped him food at night, telling him, "They are training you too hard, taking too much out of your system." Brown complained about this to Eleta, but Eleta could not regain control of Duran.

Until two days before the fight Duran trained in a rubber corset, and three days before it, desperate to lose weight, he took a diuretic. After the weigh-in, dehy-

continued



Duran was the underdog when he stopped Moore in June to win the WBA junior middleweight title.

Roberto Duran

continued

drated and famished, he gorged himself on two 16-ounce steaks and almost a quart of orange juice. There were only eight hours to go until the fight.

By the time Duran arrived in the ring, he was ripe for picking. Even today, almost three years later, he stands by his story that stomach cramps did him in; that he was too weak and out of shape to deal with what was before him. In the seventh round, while winding up as if to throw an exaggerated bolo punch, Leonard suddenly popped Duran with a stiff

jab, the punch of the year, and danced in front of Duran, sucking out his chin.

If Leonard's gestures offended the purists in attendance—the original Sugarman, Ray Robinson, never mocked an opponent in the ring—there were, nonetheless, snickers from the crowd, laughter at the fool that Leonard was making Duran out to be. Three minutes later Duran quit on his feet, \$3 million richer but far poorer for his evening's activities.

Notes from two nights of discussion in Duran's room at his Palm Springs, Calif., training site for the Hagler bout. The subject, the neon flashings of his mind regarding *no más*:

- I was sick. The pain got worse. Then I began to feel weaker. I couldn't lift my arms. I felt sick. I couldn't breathe, and each time I threw a punch it hurt and I felt weakness in

my arms. If I couldn't go on and he was most likely going to give me a beating or mess me up, why did I want to be like that?

- I couldn't throw any punches, and I would have received undeserved punishment. Leonard knew I had nothing. . . . He was running and clowning because he knew I couldn't do anything. He wanted to show the public he was doing a big thing, but he wasn't doing crap. The first thing that entered my mind was, "If I was well, I would knock him out. It's a pity I can't do it." Leonard didn't punish me. He wasn't hitting me. I was messed up.

- I thought, "If I'm sick, I'm sick. If Leonard can't knock me out, why should I let myself be knocked out?" I could have died in the ring; gutted hurt, cut badly, or something could have burst in my stomach. Why should I continue to



After "no más," Citra was vilified. Panama City—Duran was born in the center blue apartment at right—*paí meña* and he was a captive in his home.



force myself? Why should I get hurt unnecessarily? So he should find an opening and I could become blind? Take a shot to the jaw and become paralyzed? I can't die to please the public, leaving my wife and children abandoned. Why [should I go on]? To please a fan?

- Well, there you have Sugar Ray Leonard now. What good is he? He got in with Thomas Hearns. There he is, all messed up, and if he fights, he can't see. But I'm still a pistol! And I've been recrowned a champion again.

So Duran was ill and didn't want to die, he was out of shape and didn't want

continued

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Roberto Duran

continued



Duran learned the tricks of his trade here in the Maracan gymnasium, a converted trolley-car barn in Panama City.

his face busted up; he was weak and didn't want to be paralyzed. But why such abject surrender? One more question: Don't you think that the way you lost, the way you quit, was a way that the Panamanians or Latin Americans could not accept?

"Yes, that is true," Duran says, "but also I wasn't going to let myself get knocked out and look ridiculous in the ring."

To be made to look ridiculous, to be made a fool, was for Duran to yield unconditionally to Leonard. Instead, he chose to surrender on his own terms. "He knew he couldn't go 15 rounds," says Eleta. "He knew, he knew. He was too *orgulloso*—too proud of himself. He was afraid of what people would say of him. What he did was so much worse, but he didn't think about that."

A footnote: Late on the night of the fight, Duran threw a big party in his suite at the Hysatt Regency hotel, while alone in a room outside Panama City his mother, Clara Esther Samaniego, prayed to a statue of the Virgin Mary as someone stoned her house.

Whatever Duran's feelings were at the

conclusion of the fight, he masked them, like the burglar who smiles at the cop turning the flashlight on him in the back of the store. "He tried to hide all his feelings, so he did the opposite of what you'd expect," Eleta says. The party began. When Eleta came by, the whole *entourage* was there. Some of the hangers-on were dressed in white Panama suits that Duran had bought them. They were drinking, singing, dancing, shouting. Eleta was enraged. "Everybody out!" he yelled. "Out!"

Eleta took Duran to the hospital to have tests run on his stomach. In the car, Duran wept. "Yo estoy arrepentido," he said. He was so sorry. "Embarrassed," Eleta says.

Clara Samaniego had had nine children, two of whom were boys fathered by a Mexican sailor, Margarito Duran. "A good man," she says. "He was kind to me." One child, Alcibiades, died of heart disease at age three and was buried in a municipal cemetery in Panama City. Now his full brother, Roberto, had quit in the ring, and she feared for his life.

Samaniego already suspected why her son had lost. She believes in *santería*, a

form of witchcraft involving both Catholic saints and spells. Before the fight, a friend had told her that Roberto was not going to win: "He's under a witch's spell. Mrs. Benitez put him under it because of envy." That would be Clara Benitez, the mother of three-time world champion Wilfredo, who had lost his welterweight title to Leonard in 1979. Mrs. Benitez denies all, saying, "Impossible. Ridiculous. Are you sure that his mother didn't cast a spell on that fight and it backfired?"

Suddenly, stones crashed through a window in the front of Samaniego's house, and she heard voices cry out, "*Hija de perro, su hijo se vendió!*" (You son of a bitch, your son sold out!) Felix Suñe, a boxer with whom she was living, called her immediately after Duran surrendered. He was in South America, preparing for a fight. "Lock yourself in the house and don't go out," he told Samaniego. She did, for a week. "I was scared, I was alone," she says. "But thank God my other children weren't here. I don't understand why people reacted that way. Roberto give enough glory to the country."

Duran returned to Panama City in disgrace. "Sitting in the airplane. I knew what was coming," he says. He had been pummeled by the media and denounced by the people before he arrived, and the vilification continued after he got home. Graffiti painted on the seawall of La Avenida Balboa accused him of going into the tank. DURAN IS A TRAITOR read one sign. He was having a house built in the city, and policemen had to guard it from vandals.

Felicidad remembers the obscene calls in the middle of the night: "They would phone at three, four in the morning and insult us, curse us. 'Son of a whore,' all such things. I was scared for my children." People taunted Duran in public, calling him "*un cobarde*" (a coward) or "*una gallina*" (a chicken). Behind his back they branded him a homosexual, the ultimate Panamanian insult for

a man renowned for his masculinity.

"I would go into a bar, and people would say I was crazy," Duran says. "Once I went to a fight, and the people mocked me. I told them, 'Someday I will return to Panama, and you people will applaud me.' I was in Panama during Christmastime of '80. My morale was spread all over the floor. The Panamanians, instead of helping me, put me down like I was a thief, a murderer. I couldn't get up. I stayed two, three months locked up in my house. I didn't go out. When I did, everyone gave me dirty looks."

He did have some visitors out of the past, among them Luis Spada, an Argentinian who had become close to the young Duran when Spada worked for Eleta. Spada told him, "Roberto, if you need me at any time to carry your bucket for you, I would do it without pay." Duran would not forget that.

The days grew longer in Panama. Mostly, Duran sat in his study with the 15

or so friends he had left—after New Orleans, dozens from his entourage had deserted him—and watched horror films from his extensive collection. He's a buff of the genre and is able to recall in detail scenes from movies such as *Night of the Living Dead*, which is about zombies running amok. He had become something of one himself, staring at the screen all day, no longer the exuberant, joyful, joking raconteur that he'd been.

"Eleta didn't even call me. Eleta forgot me," says Duran. "Even one of my own sisters forgot me. I was hoping that Eleta would come and tell me, 'Well, I've got you the date for the rematch with Leonard,' so I could begin training in earnest. But no, nothing." Even today, after all he has been through, Duran doesn't seem to fathom what he did in New Orleans that night; how fully he condemned himself to the "wind and dizziness" that followed. He never stopped crying for one last chance against Leonard. He cries yet.

Duran was living in a house haunted by Leonard, and the exorcising of this ghost required no less than a third Duran-Leonard fight. Duran vowed not to return to Panama until he was recrowned a champion, and he began his pursuit of Leonard, who was preparing for Hearns. It tormented Duran. "He thinks about it all the time, all the time, all the time," Eleta says.

When King and Eleta set Duran up for his first fight after New Orleans, against Nino Gonzalez, an unranked junior middleweight, Duran trained indifferently. "I didn't want that," he says. "I wanted Leonard. I fought Gonzalez just to fight. Not many people showed up, and those that did came to mock me and scream at me." Duran struggled, showing only brief flashes of his former self, but he won a 10-round decision. Six weeks later, on Sept. 26, he decided on Luis Minichillo. "Why won't Leonard give me the rematch?" he asked.

continued

How good a picture is...



Photograph by award-winning photographer Co Renwick



Flip the page.

Duran's weight blew up in the ensuing months, and when he signed to fight Benitez for his 154-pound title on Jan. 30, 1982, Duran was the Bad Year blimp: he weighed more than 180 pounds. At the suggestion of the late General Omar Torrijos, then head of the Panama National Guard, Elela sent Duran to the island of Coiba, off the Panama coast, a maximum-security penal colony. There, sharks patrolled offshore and prisoners ran free.

"Wow!" says Duran. "I was a prisoner among prisoners! To make a telephone call you had to climb a mountain. You called by shortwave radio. There were many murderers there; not many thieves, mostly pure murderers. I was scared. The prisoners walked around with machetes because they used them for work in the mountains. Whenever I went into the streets I had a guard with me. At three in the morning, roosters would be crowing. I couldn't get any sleep. I was pulling my

hair out. That was a disgrace. It was a big mistake, a bad decision to go there."

Duran fought gamely but ineffectually against Benitez and lost a unanimous 15-round decision. After almost 14 years together, Elela and Duran parted following that fight, Elela scolding Duran one more time about his crash weight-loss programs before each fight. "You should train in the proper way or you should retire," Elela told him. "You are going to kill yourself."

Elela's departure from Duran's camp left only King and Nevor Quibones, his Panamanian trainer since he was a boy, from the inner circle that had surrounded Duran in the glory days. The 84-year-old Ray Arcel, Duran's strategist since he beat Ken Buchanan for the lightweight title in 1972, had retired after the second fight with Leonard, shaken and bewildered. Arcel had come back for the Benitez bout, but when that was over he bowed out, writing a letter to Duran

about all books, having a final chapter and suggesting that Duran had written his. The 76-year-old Brown, for 11 years Duran's conscience and shadow in training camp, had departed after no más, bitter over a money disagreement with Elela.

Along with his handlers, Duran's dream soon disappeared, too. By the time of the Laing fight, Leonard had been operated on for a detached retina sustained in training. He would retire two months later. Then, after the Laing fiasco, King ungracefully bowed out, the final encounter between Duran and King occurred in New York two days after King's tirade in Detroit and, if anything, was more humiliating to Duran.

King lets you know how brightly you shine in his firmament by how long he keeps you waiting in his outer office. Roberto and Felicidad arrived at 1:30, seeking the purse for the Laing fight. When King hadn't called them into his presence

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by four o'clock, Duran left. "I'm not going to be humiliated by anyone," he said, leaving his wife with the lawyers who had accompanied them. She finally saw King around two hours later.

The following day Duran walked the 20 blocks to the office of King's archrival, Bob Arum, who with King had co-promoted the first Leonard-Duran fight. Even before the Laing fight Duran had asked Arum for the chance to fight his young, inexperienced WBA junior middleweight champion, Davey Moore. Arum had agreed to make the fight, which led to a clash with King that ended abruptly after the Laing fight. King then didn't want Duran anymore. "I figured I wouldn't hear from Duran again," Arum says.

When Duran called, saying he was on the way over, Arum asked his matchmaker, Teddy Brenner, "Do you think there's any future there?" Brenner said, "The guy hasn't taken any punishment. It's all mental. And he doesn't take care of himself." When Duran arrived, Arum says, he looked as if he'd been crying. "I was going with only one idea," Duran says. "To get away from King and fight for Arum, so that King could see that without him I had someone else to represent me." He told Arum he had learned his lesson. "If you give me the opportunity, I will work very, very hard," he said.

"You have only yourself to blame for what's happened," Brenner told him.

Arum offered Duran \$25,000 to fight Batten on the Aaron Pryor-Aleus Arguello card on Nov. 12, 1982. Duran rejected the offer, pocket change for him. "I thought Arum treated me a little harsh," he says. "I was going to tell him to shove it, but I held off. Arum was very hard, but he gave me a chance."

After signing for Batten, Duran called his old friend Spada and asked him to be his manager. "You aren't going to carry my buckets," Duran said, remembering. Unlike Eleta, whose business empire had kept him at home between Duran's



When Duran lost to Brenner, Eleta, his millionaire manager, quit, saying, "You should train properly or retire."

fights. Spada is in boxing full time and at Duran's side and feed him during training. He has managed three champions—Duran, WBC light flyweight champion Hilario Zapata and WBC junior featherweight champ Rigaberto Riasco—owns a gym in Panama and, literally and figuratively, knows the ropes. "You have to train, you have to work," Spada told Duran right off. "I'm not Mandrake El Mago, and I'm not a Chinese doctor." What he would do with Duran in one year suggests that he's a bit of both.

For Batten, Duran wasn't ready and knew it. He didn't want to fight before the main event but, rather, after it, figuring that the press would be interviewing Pryor and Arguello as he was dancing with Batten. A sound decision. The fight emptied what was left of the house. Duran won by a decision, but he was slow and awkward.

It was the last time he would look bad. A few days after that fight, Duran signed to meet former WBA welterweight champion Papino Cuevas in Los Angeles on Jan. 29. Spada agreed to fight at 152 pounds, Cuevas' ceiling, but for two days Duran revisited, thinking he couldn't make that limit. "If you don't get this

fight, you better just fool around in boxing," Brenner told him. Then Arum held out the big carrot. Beat Cuevas and Moore would be next. Duran signed and meekly asked Spada, "Is it O.K. if I make 153?"

Duran trained rigorously for Cuevas and made the weight easily. What Felicidad saw in those days of training in L.A. was something she hadn't seen since the days before the Leonard fight in Montreal. "The enthusiasm came back when they told him he was going to fight Cuevas," says Felicidad. "From that point on, I began to see the same Roberto Duran as before—happy, joyful, the one that liked to joke around. I recovered him. He was back. He was the same Roberto I once knew."

Cuevas may have been a spent bullet, but Duran moved like the Duran of old, chasing him like a ferret around the ring and looking sharper than he had looked since Montreal. When he had Cuevas in trouble, he flashed with fire. Cuevas didn't have a chance, losing by a knock-out at 2:26 of the fourth round. Nor five months later did Moore have a prayer. Despite the layoff, Duran had no trouble making 152½ pounds for Moore. "Mak-

continued

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Roberto Duran

continued



Former handlers *Bruna* (above) and *Azei* will be spiritually in Duran's corner for the Hagler fight



Spada has stuck with Duran through thin and thick



ing weight for a fight is a preoccupation with a boxer," Spada says. "It's his subconscious bothering him, making him restless. Twenty days before the Moore fight Roberto was 153. This gives the boxer breathing room, relaxation, calmness."

In Madison Square Garden on June 16, Duran used every skill he had learned in his 79 professional fights. Moore had had only 12. Duran closed Moore's right eye with a thumb, bullied him here and there, spun him around, jabbed him, pounded his body, hooked him up and dropped him with a straight right hand in the eighth that had the sellout crowd of 20,061, most of them Latinos, doing hand-sprays in their seats. Duran was the new junior middleweight champion of the world.

"I was born again," he says.

Ricardo de la Espriella, the President of Panama, invited Duran to come back home, but Duran begged off temporarily, saying he first wanted to spend a few days in Miami among the Cubans and then some time in California among the Mexican-Americans, both of whom had, Duran says, "opened their doors to me." He adds, "Yeah, how come they want me in Panama? How come they didn't say that before? I remember when I used to go out to the street to run in Panama and people would yell to me, 'Retire! Are you crazy? You're not going anywhere!' Today, all those people hug me, kiss me."

He eventually went back to Panama, of course, and had a good time. Still, he never misses a chance to remind Panamanians of how they treated him after New Orleans and of how cold the shoulders got again after the Laing fight. "When I spoke to the President, he asked me to please come, and because of him I finally went to Panama," Duran says. "He said he'd send an airplane. I went to Panama to see those people humble themselves beside me, applaud me and all those things."

On the ride from the airport into Panama City, crowds estimated at 300,000 to 400,000 lined the streets, cheering him as he passed. Less than three years before, he had been a prisoner in his own house in this town, and now the people were greeting him as they had greeted Pope John Paul II three months earlier.

"When I was in the car, during the parade, I laughed and laughed at the hypocrisy," Duran says. "I was saying to myself, 'Look at all those hypocrites, today applauding me, saluting me.'"

There was talk of a Hagler-Duran matchup even before Duran destroyed Moore. In May, Hagler was supposed to do a boxing skit with Leonard at Bob Hope's birthday party at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., but Leonard had to drop out at the last minute to undergo surgery for a hernia. Duran was summoned from his training camp in McAfee, N.J., to replace him, he left in such a hurry that he arrived wearing two right shoes.

Duran and Hagler shared the same dressing room. At rehearsal, while the two fighters went through their skit, Spada said to Arum, "I don't believe it. They're about the same size." Hagler, at 5'8½", is only one inch taller. It got the two camps thinking. When Duran stopped Moore, Hagler was among the first to get to the ring, and he ended up giving most of the interviews. The fight was made.

Hagler, with a record of 57-2-2, is a 340-1 favorite, and the consensus of smokeshouse savants was that Duran, substantially outgunned and undersized—Hagler, for example, has an eight-inch reach advantage—was in for a desperate evening. Hagler, 29, a true 160-pounder and a natural lefty, is regarded as the most capable champion in boxing today. He throws a crushing punch from either side and is notably hard-hitting with his right jab and hook. He's also a studious boxer who changes stances easily.

"There's no script for this fight," says Mori Shamir, CBS-TV's boxing consultant. "Anything could happen." It could be a war, with Duran attacking as he attacked Leonard in Montreal, taking the fight to Hagler from the get-go. It could be a long, boring boxing match in which two superior boxers make intermittent contact between disengagements. Or a combination of the two. Hagler is worried about the bout going the full 15 rounds, since the WBA, which will designate the ref and judges, is controlled politically by Latin Americans and Duran is a Latino. "I can't leave it up to the judges here," Hagler says. "I have to go in and do the job. If Duran goes 15 rounds with

continued



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Roberto Duran

continued

me, he's going to be busted up."

Hagler, as usual, has trained as if he's to meet the Creature from the Black Lagoon. "I respect Duran," Hagler says. "He's a very experienced fighter. When guys are dangerous, don't play with them. My motto for this fight is: Don't play with him—bust him up. I think this fight will bring out everything I've learned. It will all come out that night. I'd like nothing better than to end Duran's career."

For his part, Duran, whose record stands at 76-4-0, has never seemed looser before a fight. Recently, getting a haircut at his Palm Springs hotel barbershop, he serenaded the attendants with a medley of Cuban songs. He told joke after joke, night after night, as he moved about Palm Springs, and he laughed loudest of all at them. He punished sparring partners during his daily afternoon sessions. He saw Arum walk by the ring one day and said, "Hi, Bob." Arum glanced over, and Duran stuck out his tongue.

"The problems Hagler presents don't interest me," Duran says. "When I'm in condition and I train, I'm not interested in anything like that. Nothing bothers me when I become hot-blooded; let him come any way he wants. I can fight inside as well as outside. If I'm not there, he won't hit me. I will have a lot of movement for him. I will go to the body. I



Duran isn't skipping a beat in preparing for Hagler...

should be frightened because he's a higher weight than me? You're crazy. Now it's time. Now he's going to fight someone with quality."

Of that there's no doubt. "Hagler has never been in the ring with a fighter of Duran's quality," Sharnik says. "I pick Hagler, but I could see Duran winning the fight. He could win by a knockout. Ask Moore. Duran's a finisher. 'If he

feels he has shaken Hagler, forget it. Boxing is 90 percent in the head. If he sees it's within his grasp, he'll seize it. He soars. If he hurts Hagler, he'll be on a high. Here is a guy who can move, think, counter and fight and is motivated by more than money. He was an outcast." And should he win, he would be the first fighter in history to win four titles.

"I gave Duran a hell of a shot," Arcel says. "Boxing's a very strange business. God didn't make the chin to be punched."

Brown is certain about who will win: "I got to pick Duran. I got confidence in him. I know how much guts he's got, how hard he can punch and how much ability he has. Very smart. You can hit him, but you're going to get hit back. And you'll know you've been hit." Like others who pick Duran, Brown remembers the 1979 draw between Hagler and then-middleweight champion Vito Antuofermo, in whose corner Brown was working.

Hagler had trouble coping when Antuofermo pressed him and eventually lost control of the fight. "Vito got right on top of him, pressing him, facing him, making him fight," Brown says. "Hagler doesn't like that. That's why Vito gave him all that trouble. Duran's a better in-fighter than Vito. He's as strong as Vito. Duran's a harder puncher and not as easy to hit. Vito was easy to hit. This is a real good fight for Duran."

Still, most logic stands against Duran in this bout, but perhaps there's something more compelling here than logic. For Duran, the themes are larger, more passionate. Hagler is involved in a career, while Duran is involved in a quest. Hagler is fighting to retain his title, while Duran is fighting for history. He believes, if he wins, that he will be considered the greatest fighter of all time. "I'm going to be it," he says. "I am, and I will be it." He believes, too, that if he wins, his dream of Leonard returning will remain alive. You see, he is really fighting Hagler to get to Leonard. "That is true," Duran says. There's no other way home.

1980



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First Person

by JAY FELDMAN

IT WAS THE DEVIL 1, CONSCIENCE 0 AS
A FOUL BALL SAILED NEAR THE AUTHOR

Snaring a foul ball is among a baseball fan's fondest dreams. From the 8-year-old who holds up his mitt and implores each batter to "hit one over here," to the businessman in the three-piece suit whose season box is deductible, to the little old lady with the home-team jacket and cap, there is hardly a fan who wouldn't love to go home with a major league baseball as a souvenir.

In the 35 years I've been going to ball games, I've witnessed all manner of catches and misses by people in the stands. The classiest catch I've ever seen was made by a fellow who was returning to his seat in the first row of the second deck behind home plate at the Oakland Coliseum. While clutching a full, jumbo-sized beer cup in his left hand, he was sidestepping down the row, carefully inching along with his back to the field, when a ball was fouled straight back toward him. Just as he reached his seat he turned, saw the ball, nonchalantly stuck out his right hand and made the catch. He pocketed the ball and casually sat down in his seat—all this without spilling a drop of beer!

More characteristic, though, is the fan who has the ball in hand, or worse yet, in mitt, only to see it go squirting out, gone forever. Rarely is a person who fails to make a clean catch able to regain possession in the ensuing scuffle, where anything short of outright assault is fair play, and for every fan like the man with the beer, there are per-

haps a dozen who let the moment slip through their hands.

Over the years I'd often wondered how I would fare if given a chance to make a play on a foul ball. I've always thought of myself as a pretty good fielder with quick, sure hands, but there was still that secret doubt, a lurking fear that if and when the time came I might just miff it.

Until last season I usually brought my mitt to games. I knew that if I had it, the chances of my dropping a ball would be almost nil. But it was also a matter of self-preservation—the idea of fielding one of those screaming line drives bare-handed was never very appealing to me. Then for some reason I stopped taking my glove with me. Maybe it had something to do with turning 40—I mean, does a 40-year-old man really need to take a mitt along to a ball game?

Mitless, I worried more than ever: If a foul ball were hit to me, would I be able to make the clutch catch, or would I choke and blow the chance of a lifetime?

The closest a foul ball ever came to me was when I was at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. I was about 10 at that time. My dad and I had our lunch spread out on our laps and were enjoying the sandwiches when a ball was cracked our way. It landed a few rows below us and clattered around the empty wooden seats in our sparsely populated rightfield section. By the time we could get the food off our laps to go hunt for the ball, someone else had grabbed it.

I have acquired a few balls in another way. As a free-lance writer working on baseball stories, I've asked such major league notables as Rickey Henderson, Frank Robinson, Earl Weaver, Harmon Killebrew, Damaso Garcia and Steve Boros to autograph balls for me or one of my kids.

The evening I finally got my chance at a foul ball, last April 22, I had two other official American League balls with me, tucked away in my day pack. One had been signed for me a few hours earlier by Oakland Centerfielder Dwayne Murphy, whom I was interviewing for the A's fan magazine. The second ball was one I'd picked up last winter while covering the A's training camp. It was torn and scuffed and of little use to the ball club, so I took it and planned to have it autographed when the occasion arose—perhaps tonight. After talking to Murphy, I made my way over to the seats behind first base to join an old friend who has season tickets behind the visiting dugout.

The game started off as a pitchers' duel with very little real action. In the bottom of the fourth Carney Lansford led off for the A's. A righthanded batter, Lansford fouled off the first pitch into the upper deck behind us. On the second he hit a slicing line drive, which at first didn't seem headed my way but, because of the slice on the ball, began quickly to hurtle closer and closer. The four seats between me and the aisle were empty, so I got up and moved down the row. It was now obvious that the ball was hit directly at the fellow in the aisle seat of the row behind me. As I slid along, my eye on the ball, I noticed him in my peripheral vision, cupping his hands in preparation, poised for the catch.

A dilemma flashed through my mind. "It's not your play," I found myself thinking. "It's his right at him." (On my softball team, I'm known for my ball hogging as well as my quick hands.) At the same time I considered the basic law of foul ball pursuit: *It's anybody's ball.*

Like the cartoon character with the haloed conscience perched on one shoulder and the little devil with the horns and pitchfork on the other, I was pulled in opposite directions. On one hand, I felt guilty for even wanting to make a play on the ball—I, who had two balls in my pack, several more at home and could pretty much count on adding to my collection in the future. The fellow behind me had probably never even held a major

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league baseball. On the other hand, I
 mentioned that ball

The baseball flew closer, spinning like a top. It looked like a slider with the characteristic red dot formed by the seams—the kind of wickedly spinning baited ball that, even when wearing a mitt, you want to field with two hands to make sure it doesn't pop right out. At the last instant, my fielder's instincts took over. Still moving sideways, I stuck out my left hand as far as I could reach, and the ball landed squarely in my palm with a loud smack!

Now, I should mention that as a veteran of Brooklyn boyhood games—sack-ball, punchball, stoop baseball, monkey-in-the-middle—I am well acquainted with bare-handed holding. The three main principles are 1) catch the ball with two hands, 2) watch the ball into your hand and 3) squeeze the ball at just the right instant.

But nothing in my bare-handed fielding experience prepared me for the pain that shot up my arm with the impact of that baseball. Its effect was twofold. First, my hand was paralyzed so

couldn't close my fingers around the ball. Second, the pain was so intense that my eyes reflexively closed for an instant, and in that instant I realized that I no longer had the ball. Immediately I opened my eyes, and there it was, hanging for a split second right in front of my face. I quickly reached up with two hands, folding them over the ball. It was mine.

As I walked back to my seat, people around me applauded and said things like "Good catch" and "Nice play" and "Way to go." My friend, who had caught a ball himself a few years ago, said, "That was a nice catch."

"What? Nice catch?" I replied. "I bobbled it."

"Yeah, but you kept it in the jar."

"I was lucky," I said.

We examined the bull. One of the "eights" was meticulously rubbed with dirt so that the bull had a half dark-half light contrast. I surmised that the pitcher must have done that to give the bull a bizarre optical effect as it approached the plate.

While examining the ball I thought about the fellow in the row behind me. I

had avoided looking at him. Now I turned around and confessed how I had struggled with the ethics of the situation. He laughed. "It was a helluva catch," he said graciously, but I could tell he was disappointed.

I put the ball into my pack and settled down to watch the game, but I still didn't feel completely comfortable about the guy behind me. At the end of the inning I dug into my pack and pulled out the scuffed ball I'd picked up at the A's winter camp. I gave it to him, and felt much better. Within a couple of innings, my hand stopped hurting.

I made a mental note that sometime down the line I would ask Lansford to sign the ball I'd caught.

Almost from the moment of the catch I felt as though I'd passed a particular initiation—a rite of passage, and had been admitted into a select society whose members all shared this common experience. It's over. I did it. I passed the test, and I'm in their club. If another foul ball ever comes my way, I'll probably try for it, but it won't really matter whether I get in or not.

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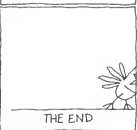
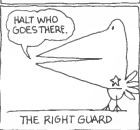
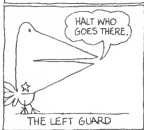
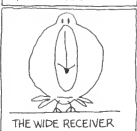
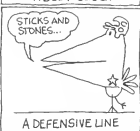
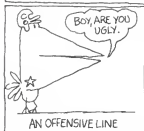
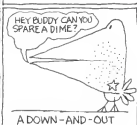
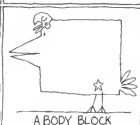
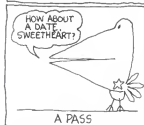
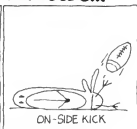
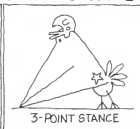
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 24-30

Compiled by DEMMIL SEATHOPUS

PRO BASKETBALL—The NBA opened its 30th season with striking tripeps pattering outside the "Spectrum" and Madison Square Gardens, but it was the substitute referees who were trying to lead. Two nights before the league-champion 76ers dispatched the Pacers 124-112 in overtime at Indianapolis (space the Knicks had suspended one of 111). The Bulls then broke open against the Bulls when a technical foul was called on Washington's Jeff Ruland with 12 seconds left on the clock. Bulls' Ben made the free throw to break a 114-114 tie. The Bulls then lost 100-97 in the Knicks in a game during which 63 personal fouls were called and 16 free throws were taken. Detroit beat the Celtics 127-119 in a game in which a record 71 personal fouls were assessed. The refs also called six technicals. That was a new number of Ts that were noted out when the Bulls led by Quentin Richardson's 27 points and Isiah Thomas' 22 points. The Bulls defeated the Nets 104-97. There were 85 free throws in that game. In his first debut, Ralph Sampson, the \$5 million trade pick from the Knicks to a 100-100 win over the Spurs by getting 18 points and 12 rebounds, and Dan Issel, 35, became the eighth player in pro basketball history to score more than 25,000 points by putting in 34 as a starter. Suggs beat Utah 129-125.

BOWLING—GEORGE PAPPAS made a 3-4-5-8 strike, in the 10th frame to beat top-seeded Marshall Holman 195-191 and win a \$102,000 PBA event in Indianapolis.

PRO FOOTBALL—Fifty percent of the NFL's division leaders were sent reeling Sunday. The AFC East's end-to-endling line huffed the 49ers of the NFC West 21-13 (page 70). The Sunday event in Seattle's Seahawks whipped the Raiders of the AFC West 34-21 and the lovely Cardinals humiliated the Vikings of the NFC Central 41-31. With 9-10 remaining in the regular season in Los Angeles and Seattle trailing 7-0, Seattle's Lincolnton-Wright Robinson scooped up a fumble by Raider running back Marcus Allen and hauled in 12 yards for the tie. But the Seattle game, Seahawks Quarterback David Kling making his first start of the year and only the sixth of his NFL career, completed 14 of 22 passes for 247 yards and one TD. So today after a 10-0 Monday night game in which the Cardinals and the Giants huffed their way to a lopsided 28-20 tie, St. Louis' punters lost laugh against Minnesota for the Cardinals. Neil Lomax huffed two touchdown passes to Roy Green and one to Pat Tilley and Ottis Anderson ran for 146 yards and a score. Danny White of the NFL East-leading Cowboys threw for 104 yards and a career-high five TDs, including two by wide receiver Tony Hill, and the Dallas defense forced one turnover as the Cowboys ran the NFL's best drive (no-1) with a 10-20 win over the Giants. The Broncos' Steve Delaney fired through the lineups. No 1 pass defense for 350 yards and one touchdown in Denver's 27-24 victory against the Chiefs, K.C., which had allowed only 161 yards per game in the AFC permitted Delaney to complete 21 of 41 throws. Pittsburgh's Frank Pollard ran two yards for a TD with 31 seconds left in the Steelers' win. The AFC's central leaders, overcame seven turnovers and an NFL-record 42 carries by Tampa Bay's James Wilder to squeak by the weary Buccaneers 27-12. Miami's Quarterback Dan Marino can do for one score, and passed for two. Terry Southern threw 18 yards for a key third-quarter TD as the Dolphins beat the Rams 30-14. Buffalo's Joe Ferguson threw four touchdown passes, including two to Mike Moseley, as the Bills vanquished a New Orleans rally to beat the Saints 27-21. The Lions whiffed the Bears 38-17. The Colts barely prevailed over the Redskins 22-21. The Bengals crushed the Packers 34-14. The Falcons beat the Patriots 24-13 and the Browns' Bruce Green scored 29 yards up the middle for a touchdown on the first play following an interception in overtime as Cleveland sent Houston to its 11th straight defeat 23-19.

GOLF—MARK MCILWHER won an 18-hole-par 26th to win the \$250,000 Suncoast Open, the first individual event on the PGA Tour by four strokes over Mark Lee and Earl Haskie. HALL MUTTON was the year's leading money-winner with \$428,668, beating out Fuzzy Zoeller by \$9,071. RAY FLOYD won the Vardon Trophy with an average 76.61 strokes per round.

GYMNASTICS—The SOVIET Union's women's team successfully defended its title in the world championships in Budapest, beating Romania 393.45 to 392.10. In the men's competition, CHINA edged the defending champion Soviet 391.45 to 391.30 (page 62).

HOCKEY—In the City of Brotherly Love, fear of the six Stern brothers in the NHL squared off against each other, and gave new meaning to the term sibling rivalry. Born and Thrane of the Islanders scouted two goals and had two assists, respectively, against the completely identical brother, Rich and Ron of Philadelphia, who hit twice 1-1 for the week, and continued to lead the Patrick Division. Mike Bossy helped snap a four-game Islanders losing streak when he returned to the lineup after a four-game absence because of a pulled hip muscle and scored three goals for his 20th career hat trick as the New Jersey Devils were beaten 5-1. In the Adams Division, Quebec, led three straight games to fall into a four-point tie with Boston. Bruce Galtie Doug Kenney, who had 24 saves in the night, just missed getting his first career shutout late in the third period as the Bruins defeated the North Stars 8-1. In the Norris Division, Chicago took the lead by winning two of three games. Edmonton maintained a healthy lead over Vancouver in the Smythe Division. In the Oiler League, the Oilers won 3-1 over Montreal. Edmonton goalie Grant Fuhr had 22 saves, 13 of them in the first period.

HORSE RACING—DEVIL'S BAG: Eddie Maple upped his fifth victory in as many starts by winning the 156-mile \$207,760 Laurel Futurity, his eighth over Hall of Fame King. The 2-year-old's time was 1:47.

SWIMMING—With Angel Cordery Jr. ahead, won the \$164,500 Paterson Handicap at the Meadowlands by a neck over Bounding Breeze. The 3-year-old covered the 1/8 mile in 1:49.5.

ALL-AROUND—With Walter Swinburn up, beat runner-up Thunder Puddles by 3/8 lengths and eight other mileys to win the \$585,700 Fair City Stakes at Aqueduct. The 3-year-old filly ran the 1/10-mile mark course in 2:34.

TENNIS—MARTINA NAVRATILOVA won her "thirtieth of the year" by defeating Catherine Tanvier 6-1, 6-2 in the final of the \$150,000 Fildes Tennis in West Germany. And Petr. From. Tennis. In addition to her \$28,000 winner's purse, Navratilova also won a \$12,000 Porsche "time can never have enough cars," she said.

TOP-SEED IVAN LENDL beat Scott Davis 3-6, 6-1, 6-4 to win the \$375,000 Grand Prix tournament in Tokyo.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: An American League 15-Year Award winner, righthander L. MARLBOROUGH of the Chicago White Sox, who had a 1993 record of 24-10.

TRADED By the Minnesota North Stars, Center DEIRDRE SWITH to the Montreal Canadiens. In 40th KEITH ACTION (Right) WING MARK N. PIRL and a 1984 third-round draft choice.

DIED AS GEORGE (BORN) MIKE HALL, 80, former Green Bay Packers who was the first guard inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame in De Pere, Wis.

CREDITS	
23-24	Myrtle Beach, S.C. 1984-85, 1985-86, 1986-87, 1987-88, 1988-89, 1989-90, 1990-91, 1991-92, 1992-93, 1993-94, 1994-95, 1995-96, 1996-97, 1997-98, 1998-99, 1999-00, 2000-01, 2001-02, 2002-03, 2003-04, 2004-05, 2005-06, 2006-07, 2007-08, 2008-09, 2009-10, 2010-11, 2011-12, 2012-13, 2013-14, 2014-15, 2015-16, 2016-17, 2017-18, 2018-19, 2019-20, 2020-21, 2021-22, 2022-23, 2023-24, 2024-25, 2025-26, 2026-27, 2027-28, 2028-29, 2029-30, 2030-31, 2031-32, 2032-33, 2033-34, 2034-35, 2035-36, 2036-37, 2037-38, 2038-39, 2039-40, 2040-41, 2041-42, 2042-43, 2043-44, 2044-45, 2045-46, 2046-47, 2047-48, 2048-49, 2049-50, 2050-51, 2051-52, 2052-53, 2053-54, 2054-55, 2055-56, 2056-57, 2057-58, 2058-59, 2059-60, 2060-61, 2061-62, 2062-63, 2063-64, 2064-65, 2065-66, 2066-67, 2067-68, 2068-69, 2069-70, 2070-71, 2071-72, 2072-73, 2073-74, 2074-75, 2075-76, 2076-77, 2077-78, 2078-79, 2079-80, 2080-81, 2081-82, 2082-83, 2083-84, 2084-85, 2085-86, 2086-87, 2087-88, 2088-89, 2089-90, 2090-91, 2091-92, 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THE 1983 SERIES

Sir:

Congratulations on your Oct. 24 cover shot of Baltimore Catcher Rick Dempsey and your fine articles on the World Series (*The Orioles* All Pitched In! Ronald C. Modra's photograph captures the spirit of winning baseball. Dempsey is about the best example of a player one can find these days. He loves the game, plays it hard and, most important, has fun doing it. It's nice to see someone like him rise to the occasion and emerge a star.

JOHN COLE
Paxton, Mass.

Sir:

The cover picture of World Series MVP Rick Dempsey was beautiful, but Dempsey's real ability was caught in your previous issue's fantastic photograph by Jerry Wachter, in which Dempsey was blocking home plate while tagging out Chicago's Vance Law in a key play.

DAVID PULSIN
Columbia, Md.

Sir:

I've been an American League fan since the 1950s, but deep in my heart I've always known that the long Yankee dominance of that era weakened the league and that the National League has played superior ball since 1964 or so. This year, you people came right out and said it! The National League is superior (*It's the Nationals' Primetime*, April 4).

So what happens? The American League creams the National League in the All-Star Game, and then the Orioles run the Phillies out of the park in five games in the World Series—making 1983 the first year that the American League has won both an All-Star Game and the Series since '62.

To me, the real story of the '83 Series was that all those old National League giants of the '70s—Pete Rose, Joe Morgan, Tony Perez, Steve Carlton—went down to defeat in their last hurrah. And who is there to take their place? Most of the rising young stars are in the American League now.

I think in your April piece you caught an era just before it turned into something else. F. Norberto Parkinson said that great institutions always build their spectacular headquarters just when they reach the pinnacle of their powers and start going downhill. I think we're now in a period when, once again, the two baseball leagues are roughly on a par. You've performed the historian's task of announcing an era just as it was coming to an end.

WILLIAM TUCKER
Brooklyn

Sir:

Watching Joe Morgan running the bases during the World Series brought to mind a wonderful line I read during my days as a Brooklyn Dodger fan. I believe it was Red Smith who wrote of another aging base stealer, "He has latency in his heart, but his feet are honest."

JERRY UTTER
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



LICENSED RETORT

Sir:

In response to reader Randy Durr's letter and Montana license plate touting the Chisox (1971) HOLE, Oct. 10, I think my plate (above) is more appropriate. After a 13-year wait, this New Yorker says: Be proud of your Orioles, Baltimore, and enjoy your world championship. You deserve it!

TONY WILLIAMS
Kinderhook, N.Y.

MARCUS DUPREE

Sir:

The Marcus Dupree fiasco (*He'll Sooner Be at Home*, Oct. 24) typifies the sorry state of college athletics. I can shrug off the ramblings of an immature and spoiled Dupree, but when a supposedly responsible adult like Oklahoma Academic Counselor Jan Brown utters such words of readiness as "When we give a kid an athletic scholarship, it's to represent us in games. Because he doesn't cut it scholastically, how can you hold him out of games?" It's time we raised our eyebrows. The truth is, the system stinks.

Of course, everyone now points the finger of blame at everyone else. The fact is, they're all to blame! The administrators of the university and of the football program should hide their heads in shame for allowing Dupree to continue as a non-student. Dupree—and all the spoiled, coddled ones like him—should grow up and be thankful for the talents they've been blessed with and quit sticking their hands out so far.

All in all, it's further sad commentary on the American educational system. I always

thought our educators were supposed to lead society, not reflect it. (Is. What happened?)

JAY WARREN
Newport News, Va.

Sir:

How interesting that a picture of an Oklahoma State fraternity banner reading ROSE'S ARE RED/ROULET'S ARE BLUE/MARCUS IS HISTORY/AND SO IS OK should appear in the same article as the statement that in Oklahoma Marcus Dupree had done "Zip Nothing" in the classroom this year. It's obvious that the Oklahoma State students who constructed this banner have also done zip, nothing, at their English classrooms this year.

HENRY J. MOSKALO
Chicago

DOUG WILLIAMS

Sir:

John Underwood's article on former Tampa Bay Quarterback Doug Williams (*Goose With the Wits*, Oct. 24) reveals Williams for what he is: a greedy, prejudiced, mediocre quarterback who thinks everybody owes him something. His hope that the Buccaneers go 0-16 this season shows how *unfeeling* he is toward his former teammates and the coach who stuck with him during bad times. I'm not a Buc fan, but I wouldn't be a bit disappointed if they won the rest of their games.

ROGER GREENE
Port Neches, Texas

Sir:

I noted Doug Williams' statement, "If I was white, don't you think I'd have gotten what I wanted?" Vince Ferragamo is white and asked for less money, and he still ended up in Canada. Williams seems to be proof that racism is not just a white man's disease.

SCOTT BREANT
El Toro, Calif.

Sir:

Why is it that when a black man is race conscious he is said to be "obsessed with race," while the entire white American system, with its institutionalized obsession with color, is viewed as normal? It isn't necessary for a white quarterback to think consciously of how many whites are on a team. He knows that the system has not regulated entry of people like him into pro football or any other profession. More important, he knows that he can count on positions like quarterback, center, middle linebacker and, above all, coach, to reflect his ethnocentric expectations. Were Tampa Bay Coach John McKay as sensitive to racial issues as he thinks he is, he wouldn't say such things.

LARRY YOUNG
State College, Pa.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

ON THE RUN

Sir:

Thank you for putting the Rams' sensational rookie running back, Eric Dickerson, on your Oct. 17 cover. In his story (*The Run Also Rised*), Paul Zimmerman pointed out that Dickerson's six-game rushing stats projected over a full season would give him 2,099 yards. He would also have 27 touchdowns and 162 points. Readers should be prepared to see Dickerson on SI's cover often. This is only the beginning.

TIM MEAKIM
Stony Point, N.Y.

Sir:

Once in a while I get halfway through an article and say, "This guy is a good writer!" Every time I say this, the author turns out to be Paul Zimmerman. However, I'm getting to the point now where I know he's the writer without having to refer back to the opening page of a piece, because his stories are so superbly done.

RICHARD STEFFA
Lawndale, Calif.

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman says the run is making a comeback in the pros. However, I agree with Buffalo Coach Kay Stephenson: "If there's a trend developing, I'm not aware of it, or at least it's not that noticeable." Even if rushing yardage has increased—by an average of a meager 13 yards per team per game—the passing attack doesn't seem to have been thwarted. Maybe your article simply should have said that offenses in general are tending to overpower the defenses.

EVAN C. NELSON
Rexburgh, Idaho

BASHINSKY ON PERKINS

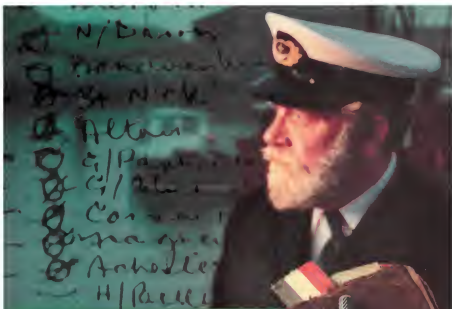
Sir:

John Underwood's article on Alabama Football Coach Ray Perkins (*The Dawgout of a New Day*, Sept. 19) contains erroneous information about me and Golden Flake Snack Foods, Inc. Underwood quotes me as saying of Coach Perkins, "The way he's doing business, he'd better win." I have never made this statement. In fact, I have never spoken with Underwood or with any other representative of SNOOKS ILLUSTRATED about Coach Perkins.

The statement which Underwood attributes to me is untrue and certainly does not represent my feelings about Coach Perkins and the Alabama football program. I support Coach Perkins and will continue to do so, and I have expressed this to him personally.

SLOAN Y. BASHINSKY Sr.
Chairman of the Board
Golden Enterprises, Inc.
Birmingham, Ala.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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